

THE
PRAISE OF GERALDINE,
(A FLORENTINE LADY.)

Being, the celebrated

LOVE POEMS

Of the Right Honourable

HENRY HOWARD,

Earl of *Surrey*, and Knight of the most noble
Order of the Garter; who was beheaded by
King HENRY VIII, in the Year 1546.

ALSO THE
POETICAL RECREATIONS
OF

Sir Thomas Wyate,

CALLED,

The DELIGHT of the MUSES.

Faithfully published from the Original Impression.
Recommended by Mr. POPE.

LONDON:

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Passage. 1728.

THE
MUSEUM

OF
NATURAL HISTORY

AND
MINERALOGY

OF
THE
CITY OF LONDON

OF
THE
MUSEUM

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THE
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OF
NATURAL HISTORY

Mr. POPE's
CHARACTER
OF THE
AUTHOR.

I N

His Poem intituled, *Windsor Forest*, inscrib'd
to the Lord *Lansdown*.

H E R E † noble SURREY felt the Sacred Rage,
SURREY, the GRANVILLE of a former Age:
Matchless his Pen, Victorious was his Lance;
Bold in the Lifts, and Graceful in the Dance:
In the same Shades the CUPID's Tun'd his Lyre,
To the same Notes of Love, and soft Desire:
Fair GERALDINE, bright Object of his Vow,
Then fill'd the Groves, as heavenly MYRA now.

† At WINDSOR, which was the Scene of many of his
SONNETS.

Advertisement by the EDITOR.

IN order to give the Publick as correct an Edition as I could of these valuable POEMS, I procured among my Friends Three several Editions, printed in the Years 1565, 1567, and 1569, all which I found very full of Typographical Errors, but the most correct, was that of 1567, from which this Edition is printed, and to which, the *Folio's* number'd by numeral Figures in the Margin refer. When I had made the Edition of 1567 as correct as I could from the other Two; I heard of another Copy * in the Bodleian Library in Oxford, among Mr. SELDEN's Books, wherein were many considerable Amendments, suppos'd to be made by that eminent Person: which I got collated by a learned Gentleman there. So that I hope it will appear I have given my Lord SURREY's *Poems* in their Antique Dress, in as careful and accurate a manner as possible: And if these admirable SONGES and SONETTES, meet with a Reception equal to their Merit, they shall be immediately follow'd by the remainder, in the same Volume, written by himself, and his intimate Friend Sir THOMAS WIATT the Elder. To which will be subjoin'd a very full and particular Account of these noble AUTHORS, who have hitherto been undeservedly deny'd the Justice due to their Memories.

London,
April 13, 1717.

Vale.

* There was another Edition printed, Anno 1585.

T O T H E

R E A D E R .



*HAT to have wel written in Verse,
yea, and in smal Parcelles, deserveth
greate Praise, the Woorkes of divers
Latins, Italians, and other, doe prove
sufficiently, that our Tong is able in
that kinde to do as praise woorthelye
as the reste. The honorable Stile of the Earle of
Surreye, and the weightinesse of the deepe wytted
Syr Thomas Wyat the elders Verse, withe several
Graces in sundrie good English writers, doe shewe
abundantlye. It resteth nowe (gentle Reader) that
thou thinke it not evill done, to publish to the Honour
of the English Tong, and for Profite of the studious
of*

To the READER.

of English Eloquence, those Woorkeſ whiche the ungentle borders up of ſuche Treafure have heretofore envied thee. And for this Point, (good Reader) thine owne Profite and Pleafure, in theſe preſentlie, and in mo hereafter, ſhal aunſwere for my Defence. If perhappes ſome myſlyke the ſtatelynesse of Stile removed from the rude Skyll of common Eares ; I aſke helpe of the learned to defende their learned Frendes, the Authors of theſe Woorkeſ. And I exhorte the unlearned, by readinge to learne to bee more ſkylfull, and to purge that ſwynelyke groſſeneſſe that maketh the ſwete maierome not to ſmell to their delight.



De-

*Description of the restlesse State of a Lover, with
sute to his Lady, to rue on his dyinge Harte.*

THE Sunne hath twice brought fourth his tender Grene, *Fol. II.*

Twice cladde the Earth in lively lustinesse ;

Once have the Winds the Trees dispoiled cleane,

And once again beginnes their cruellnesse,

Since I hid under my Brest the harte,

That never shal recover healthfulnesse.

The Winters Hurt recover with the warme ;

The parched Grene restored is with shade ;

What warmth, alas ! may serve for to disarme,

The frosen Harte that mine inflame hath made ?

What Colde againe is able to restore

My freshe Grene, which doth wither thus and fade ?

Alas ! I see nothing els hurt so sore,

But Time in time reduceth a return :

In time my Heat encreaseth more and more,

And seemes to have my Cure alwaies in scorne :

Straunge kindes of Death, in Lyfe that I doe frye,

At hand to melt farre of in flame to burne ;

And like as time list to my Cure applie,

So doth eche Place my Comfort cleane refuse.

Al Thing alive, that seeth the Heavens with eye,

With cloke of Night may cover, and excuse

It selfe from travaile of the Daies unrest,

Save I, alas ! against al others use,

That then styre up the Torments of my Brest,

And curse eche Starre as causer of my Fate :

And when the Sunne hath eke the darke oppress,

And brought the Day, it doth nothing abate

The travailes of my endlesse smarte and pain ;

For then as one that hath the Light in hate,

I wishe for Night more covertly to plaine,

And me withdrawe from every haunted place,

Left by my Chere my chaunce appeare to plaine,

And in my Minde I measure pace by pace,

To seek the Place where I my self had lost,

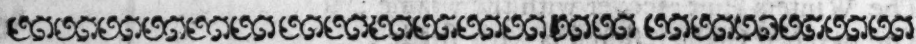
That Day that I was tangled in the lace,

In seemyng slack that knitteth ever most.

But never yet the travaile of my thought,

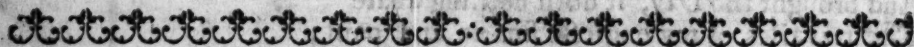
Of better State could catch a cause to boast.

For if I founde some time that I have fought,
 Those sterres by whom I trusted of the Porte,
 My Sailes do fall and I aduance right nought;
 At anchor fast my Spirites doe al resort,
 To stand agazed and sink in more and more
 The deadly harme which she doth take in sport.
 Lo if I seke howe I doe find my sore;
 And if I flee, I carry with mee still,
 The venomd shaft which dothe his force restore
 By hast of flight, and I may plaine my fill
 Unto my self, unlesse this careful Song,
 Print in your Harte some parcell of my tene,
 For I, alas! in silence all to longe,
 Of mine olde Hurt yet fele the Wounde but grene.
 Rue on my Life or els your cruel wrong
 Shall wel appeare, and by my Death be sene.



*Description of Spring, wherein eche Thing renewes
 save onely the Lover.*

THE soote Seasons that bud and bloome fourth brings,
 With Grene hath cladde the Hill and eke the Vale;
 The Nightingale with Fethers new she sings;
 The Turtle to her mate hath told her tale:
 Somer is come, for every spray now springes.
 The Hart hath hong his old Head on the pale;
 The Buck in Boak his Winter Coat he flings;
 The Fishes flete withe newe repaired scale;
 The Adder al her slough away she flinges;
 The swift Swallow pursueth the Flies smal;
 The busy Bee her Hony now she minges;
 Winter is worne that was the Flowers bale.
 And thus I see among these pleasant Things,
 Eche Care decays, and yet my Sorowe spring



Description of the restless Estate of a Lover.

WHEN Youth had led me halfe the Race Fol. III.
 That Cupides Scourge had made me runne:
 I loked backe to meete the Place,
 From whence my very Course begunne.
 And then I sawe howe my desire,
 Misguiding me, had led the waye;

Mine

and SONETTES.

Mine eye to greedy of their hire,
Had made me lose a better pray.

For when in Sighes I spent the Day,
And could not cloke my Grief with game,
The boyling Smoke did still bewraye
The present Heate of secret Flame.

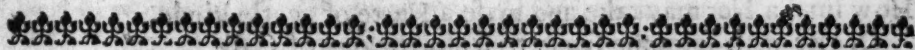
And when salt Teares doe bayne my Brest,
Where Love his pleasant traines hath sown:
Her Beautye hath the Fruites opprest,
Ere that the Buddes were sprong and blowne;

And when myne eyen did still pursue
The flying Chace of their request;
Their greedy lokes did oft renewe
The hidden Wound within my Brest.

When every loke these Cheekes might stain,
From deadly pale to glowing red,
By outward Signes appeared plaine,
To her for Help my Hart was fled.

But al to late Love learneth mee
To paint al kynde of Colours newe:
To blind their Eies that els shoulde see,
My speckled Cheekes with Cupides hew.

And now the covert Brest, I clame,
That worshipt Cupide secretlye,
And nourished his sacred Flame,
From whence no blasfing Sparkes do flye.



Description of the fickle Affections, Panges, and Sleights of Love.

SUCH wayward Wayes hath Love, that most part in discord,
Our Willes do stand, wherby our Hartes but seldom do accord.

Deceite is his Delight, and to beguile and mock,
The simple Hartes, whom he doth strike with frowarde divers stroke.

He causeth th'one to rage with golden burning darte,
And doth alay with leaden Colde againe the others Harte.

Whote gleames of burning Fire, and easy sparks of Flames,
In balance of unegall weight he pondereth by ame.

From easy Ford where I might wade and pas full well,
He me withdrawes, and doth me drive into a depe darke Hell.

And me withholdes where I am calde and offred Place,
And willes me that my mortall Foe I doe beseke of Grace.

He lettes me to pursue a Conquest welnere wonne,
To followe where my Paines were losse, ere that my sute begonne.

So by this Meanes, I knew how soon a Harte may turne,
From Warre to Peace, from Truce to Strife, and so againe returne.

I know howe to content my selfe in others Lust,
 Of little stuff unto my self to weave a Webbe of trust.
 And how to hide my Harmes with soft dissembling there,
 Whan in my Face the painted Thoughtes would outwardly appeare.
 I know how that the Bloud forsakes the Face for dred,
 And how by shame it staines againe the Chekes with flaming red.
 I know under the Grene the Serpent howe he lurkes:
 The Hammer of the restless Forge, I wote eke how it workes.
 I know, and can by roate, the Tale that I would tell,
 But oft the Woords come fourth awry of him that loveth wel.
 I knowe in Heate and Colde, the Lover, how he shakes;
 In singng how he doth complaine, in sleping how he wakes.
 To languish without ache, sicklesse for to consume,
 A Thousand Things for to devise, resolving of his fume.
 And though he list to see his Ladies Grace full sore,
 Such Pleasure as delight his Eye, do not his Health restore.
 I know to seke the traete of my desired Foe,
 And feare to finde that I do seke, but chiefly this I knowe,
 That Lovers must transourme into the Thing beloved,
 And live (alas! who would believe?) with Sprite from Life removed.
 I know in harty Sighes and Laughters of the splene,
 At once to chaunge my State, my Wil, and eke my Colour clene;
 I know how to deceive my selfe with others help,
 And how the Lyon chastised is by beating of the whelpe.
 In standing nere the Fire, I know how that I freese;
 Farre of I burn, in both I wast, and so my Life I leese.
 I know how Love doth rage upon a yielding Minde, Fol. IV.
 How smal a Net may take and make a Harte of gentle kinde.
 Or else with seloome swete to season heapes of Gall,
 Revived with a glimse of Grace old Sorrowes to let fall.
 The hidden Traines I know, and secrete Snares of Love,
 How soone a loke will print a Thought, that never may remove.
 The supper State I know, the sodaine turnes from Wealth,
 The doubtfull Hope, the certeine Woe, and sure disperced Health.

*Complaint of a Lover, that defied Love, and was by
 Love after the more tormented.*

WHEN Somer toke in Hande the Winter to assaile,
 With force of Might, and Vertue great, his stormy blastes to
 And when he clothed faire the Earth about with Grene, (quail;
 And every Tree new garmented, that Pleasure was to lene,
 Mine Harte gan new revive, and changed Blood did sturre
 Me to withdrawe my Winter Woes, that kept within the durre.
 Abrode, quod my desire, assay to set thy fote,
 Where thou shalt finde the Savour swete, for sprong is every rote;
And

and SONETTES.

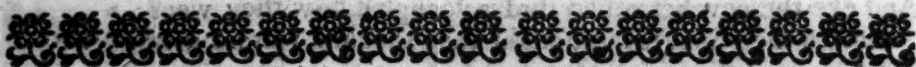
And to thy Health, if thou were sicke in any Case,
 Nothing more good, than in the Spring the Aire to fele a Place:
 There shalt thou heare and see all kinde of Birdes ywrought,
 Well Tune their Voice with warble small, as Nature hath them taught.
 Thus pricked me my Lust the sluggish House to leave,
 And for my Health I thought it best such Counsel to receive,
 So on a Morow fourth, unwist any wight,
 I went to prove how well it would my heavy Burden light:
 And when I felt the Aire so pleasant round about,
 Lorde, to my self how glad I was that I had gotten out.
 There might I see how Ver had every Blofome bent,
 And eke the new betrothed Birdes ycoupled how they went;
 And in their Songes methought they thanked Nature much,
 That by her Lycence all that yere to Love their happe was such.
 Right as they could devise to chose them feres throughout,
 With much rejoising to their Lorde thus flew they all about;
 Which when I gan resolve, and in my Head conceive,
 What pleasant Life, what heapes of Joy these little Birdes receive.
 And saw in what Estate I wery Man was wrought,
 By want of that they had at wil and I reject at nought.
 Lorde how I gan in Wrath unwisely me demean,
 I cursed Love, and him defied: I thought to turne the Streame.
 But when I wel beheld he had me under awe,
 I asked Mercy for my fault that so transgreft his Law.
 Thou blinded God, quod I, forgeve me this Offence,
 Unwittingly I went about to Malice thy pretence.
 Wher with he gave a becke and thus methought he swore,
 Thy Sorow ought suffice to purge thy fault if it were more.
 The Vertue of which sound myne Harte did so revive,
 That I me thought, was made as hoale as any Man alive.
 But here I may perceive myne Error al and some,
 For that I thought that so it was, yet was it still undone.
 And all that was no more but myne expressed mynd,
 That faine would have some good reliefe, of *Cupide* well affinde.
 I turned home forthwith, and might perceive it wel,
 That he agreved was right sore with me for my rebel.
 My Harmes have ever since encreased more and more,
 And I remaine without his help, undone for ever more.
 A Mirror let me be unto ye Lovers all,
 Strive not with Love, for if ye do it will ye this befall.

Complaint of a Lover rebuked.

LOVE that liveth and raineth in my Thought,
 That built his Seat within my captive Brest;
 Clad in the Armes wherein with me he fought,
 Oft in my Face he doth his Banner rest.

She

She that me thought to Love, and suffer Paine,
 My doutfull hope and eke my hote desire,
 With shamefast cloke to shadow and restraine
 Her smiling Grace converteth fraight to ire.
 And covered Love then to the Harte apace
 Taketh his flight, whereas he lurkes and plaines
 His Purpose lost, and dare not shew his Face,
 For my Lordes gilt thus faultlesse bide I paines :
 Yet from my Lorde shal not my Fote remove,
 Swete is his Death that takes his end by Love.



Complaint of the Lover disdained.

IN *Cyprus* Springes, whereas *Venus* dwelt, Fol. V.
 A Well so hote, that who so tastes the same,
 Were he of Stone, as chawed yse should melt,
 And kindled finde his Brest with fixed Flame.
 Whose moist Poison dissolved hath my hate ;
 This creping Fire my colde Lims so opprest,
 That in the Harte that harborde Fredome late,
 Endles Dispaire long Thraldome hath impress.
 An other so cold in frozen yse is founde,
 Whose chilling Venome of repugnant kinde
 The fervent Heat doth quenche of *Cupides* Wounde,
 And with the spot change infectes the Mind ;
 Whereof my deere hath tasted to my paine,
 My Service thus is growne into disdaine.



Description and Praise of his Love Geraldine.

FROM *Tuscane* came my Ladies worthy Race ;
 Fair *Florence* was sometime her auncient Seat ;
 The Western yle, whose pleasant shore doth face
 Wilde Cambers Clifs, did give her lively Heat.
 Foster'd she was with Milke of *Irishe* Brest ;
 Her Sire an Erle, her Dame of Princes Bloud :
 From tender Yeres in *Brittaine* she doth rest,
 With *Kinges* Child, where she tasteth costly Foode.
Honsdon did first present her to myne eyen,
 Bright is her hewe, and *Geraldine* she hight.
Hampton me taught to wishe her first for myne,
 And *Windfor*, alas ! doth chase me from her sight.

Her

and SONETTES.

Her Beauty of kind, her Vertues from above,
Happy is he that can obtaine her Love.



The Frailltie and Hurtfulnesse of Beautye.

BRITTLE Beauty that Nature made so fraile,
Whereof the Gift is small and short the Season,
Flowring to Day, to Morowe apt to faile,
Tickle Treasure abhorred of Reason.
Daungerous to deale with, vain, of none availe;
Costly in keeping, past not worth two peason;
Slipper in sliding as is an Eles Taile,
Harde to attaine, once gotten not geason.
Jewel of Jeoperdy that Peril doth assaile,
False and untrue, enticed oft to Treason,
Enemy to Youth, that most may I bewaile,
Ah! bitter, swete, infecting as the Poison:
Thou farest as Fruit that with the Frost is taken,
To Day redy ripe, to Morow al to shaken.



A Complaint by Night of the Lover not beloved.

ALAS! so al Things now doe hold their Peace,
Heven and Earth disturbed in nothing;
The Bestes, the Aire, the Birdes their Song do cease,
The Nightes chare the Starres about do bring.
Calme is the Sea, the Waves worke lesse and lesse,
So am not I, whom Love, alas! doth wring,
Bringing before my Face the great encrease
Of my Desires, whereat I wepe and sing,
In Joy and Wo, as in a doubtful case:
For my swete Thoughtes, sometime, doe Pleasure bring,
But by and by the cause of my Disease,
Gives me a Pang that inwardly doth sting,
When that I think what Griefe it is againe,
To live and lacke the Thing should ridde my Paine.

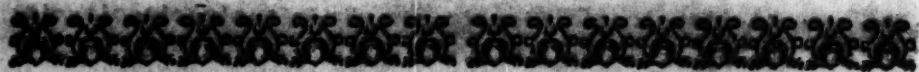
Howe



*How eche Thing, save the Lover, in Spring reviveth
to Pleasure.*

WHEN *Wind* for *Walles* sustained my wearied Arme,
My Hand, my Chin, to ease my restless Hed,
The pleasant Plot revealed Grene, with warme
The blossomed Bowes with lusty Ver yspred;
The flowred Meades, the wedded Byrdes so late
Myne Eyes discover, and to my Mind resorte
The joly Woes, the hatelesse shorte debate,
The rakehell Life that longs to Loves disporte,
Wherewith (alas!) the heavy Charge of Care
Heapt in my Brest, breakes fourth against my will,
In smoky Sighes that overcast the Ayre;
My vapor'd Eyes such dreary Teares distill,
The tender Spring which quicken where they fall,
And I halfe bent to throwe me downe withall.

Fol. VI.



A Vow to love faithfullye howsoever he be rewarded.

SET (a) me whereas the Sunne doth parche the Grene,
Or where his Beames do not dissolve the yfe;
In temperate Heate where he is felt and sene,
In Prefence prest of People madde or wyse.
Set me in hye, or yet in lowe Degree,
In longest Night, or in the shortest Day,
In clearest Skye, or where Cloudes thickest be,
In lusty Youth, or when my Heares are graye.
Set me in Heven, in Earth, or els in Hell,
In Hill or Dale, or in the foming Floode,
Thrall, or at large, alyve, where so I dwell,
Sicke or in Helth, in evil Fame or good,
Hers wil I bee, and onely with this thought,
Content my selfe, although my chaunce be nought.

(a) *Od. Horat. XXII. Lib. 1.*

*Complaint that his Ladie after she knew of his Love,
kept her Face alwaye hidden from him.*

I Never sawe my Lady laye apart
Her Cornet Blacke, in colde, nor yet in heat,
Sith first she knew my Grief was growne so great:
Which others fancies driveth from my Harte,
That to my self I do the Thought reserve,
The which unwares did wound my woful Brest,
But on her Face myne Eyes thought never rest.
Yet since she knew I did her love and serve,
Her golden Tresses cladde alway with blacke,
Her smiling Lookes that had thus evermore,
And that restraines which I desire so sore:
So doth this Cornet govern mee alacke,
In Somers Sunne, in Winters Breath, a Frost,
Whereby the light of her fair Lookes I lost.

Request to his Love to joyne Bounty with Beautye.

THE golden Gift that Nature did thee give,
To fasten Friends, and feede them at thy will,
With Fournne and Favour taught me to beleve,
How thou art made to shewe her greatest skill,
Whose hydden Vertues are not so unknowen,
But lively Dames might gather at the first,
Where Beautye so her perfect Seede hath sown,
Al other Graces followe nedes there must.
Nowe certesse Ladye, since al this is true,
That from above thy Giftes are thus elect,
Doe not deface them then with Fancies newe,
Nor change of Mindes let not the Mynde infecte,
But Mercy him thy Frende, that doth thee serve,
Who seeks alway thine Honour to preserve.



*Prisoner in Windsor, here counteth his Pleasure
there passed.*

SO cruell Prison how could betide, alas!
As proude *Windsor*, where I Lust and Joye,
With a Kinges Sonne, my childish Yeres did pas,
In greater Feast than *Priam's* Sonnes of *Troye*,
Where eche swete Place returns a tast full flower,
The large grene Courtes where we were wont to hove, *fol. VII.*
With Eyes cast up into the Maidens tower,
And easy Sighes, such as Folke drawe in Love,
The stately Seates, the Ladies bright of hewe,
The Daunces short, long Tales of greate delighte,
With Words and Lookes, that *Tigers* could but rew,
Where eche of us did pleade the others right.
The plaine playe, where, dispoyled for the Game,
With dazed Eies, oft we by gleames of Love,
Have mist the Ball, and got sight of our Dame,
To bayte her Eies, which kepes the Leades above.
The gravell Ground with Sleves tyed on the helme
On foming Horse, with Swordes and friendly Hartes,
With Cheare as though one should another whelme,
Where we have fought, and chased oft with Darts.
With Silver Dropes the Meade yet spread for ruthe,
In active Games of Nimblenesse and Strength,
Where we did straine, trained with swames of Youth,
Our tender Lymmes, that yet shot up in length.
The secret Groves which oft we made refounde,
Of pleasaunt plaint, and of our Ladies praise,
Recording oft what Grace eche one had founde,
What Hope of speade, what dread of long delayes,
The wilde Forest, the clothed holtes with Grene,
With Raines awayled, and swifty breathed Horse,
With crye of Hound, and mery blastes betwene,
Where we did chafe the fearefull Harte of Force.
The wide Vales eke, that harborde us eche Nighte,
Wherewith (alas!) reviveth in my Brest,
The swete accorde, such Slepes as yet delighte
The pleasaunt Dreames, the quiet Bed of rest.
The secret Thoughtes imparted with such Trust,
The wanton Talke, the divers chaunge of Playe,
The Frindship sworne, eche Promise kepe so just,
Wherewith we past the Winter Night awaye.

And

And with this Thought the Bloud forsakes the Face,
 The Teares berayne my Cheekes of deadly hew,
 The which as soone as sobbyng Sighes (alas!)
 Upsupped have, thus I my plaint renewe;
 O! Place of Blisse, renuer of my Woes,
 Give me accompt, where is my noble fere,
 Whom in this Walles thou doest eche Night enclose,
 To other leese, but unto me moste deare.
 Eche (alas!) that doth my Sorowe rewe,
 Returnes thereto a hollow founde of plaint;
 Thus I alone, where al my Freedome grewe,
 In Prison pine with Bondage and Restraint:
 And with remembrance of the greater Griefe,
 To banish the lesse I finde my chiefe Reliefe.



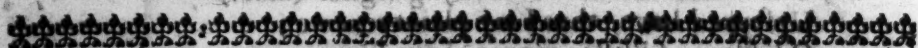
*The Lover comforteth himselfe with the Worthinesse
 of his Love.*

WHEN raging Love with extreme Paine,
 Most cruelly distraines my Harte,
 When that my Teares as Floudes of Rayne,
 Beare Witnesse of my wofull Smarte.
 When Sighes hath wasted so my Breath,
 That I lye at the point of Death,
 I call to mynde the navye greate,
 That the Greekes brought to Troye Towne;
 And how the boisterous Winds did beate
 Their Shippes, and rent their Sailes adowne,
 Til Agamemnon's Daughter's Bloude,
 Appeased the Goddes that them withstoode.
 And how that in those ten Yeres Warre
 Full many a bloody Deede was done;
 And many a Lord that came full farre,
 There caught his Bane (alas!) so soone;
 And many a good Knight overcome,
 Before the Greekes had *Helen* wone.

Then thinke I thus, sith such repaire,
 So long time Warre of valiant Men,
 Was al to wine a Ladie faire,
 Shall I not learne to suffer then,
 And think my Time well spent to bee,
 Serving a worthier wight then she?

Therefore I never will repente,
 But Paines contented still endure,
 For like as when roughe Winter spent,
 The pleasant Spring straight draweth in ure:

So after raging Stormes of faine, Fol. VIII.
Joyfull at length may be my Case.



*Complaint of the Absence of her Lover being upon
the Seas;*

O Happy Dames that may embrace
The Fruite of your Delight,
Help to bewaile the woful Case,
And eke the heavye plight,
Of me that wanted to reioice
The Fortune of my pleasant choice:

Good Ladies help to fill my mourning Voice,

In Shippe freight with remembraunce

Of Thoughtes and Pleasures past,

He Sailes that hath in governaunce

My Life while it will last.

With scalding Sighes for lacke of gale,

Furdering his Hope, that is his Saile,

Toward mee the swete Port of his avails.

Alas! how oft in Dreames I see

Those Eyes that were my Foode,

Which some Time so delighted me,

That yet theye doe me good:

Wherwith I wake with his returne,

Whose absent Flame did make me burne,

But when I find that lacke, how I mourne?

When other Lovers in Armes a crosse,

Reioice their chiefe delight,

Drowned in Tiedes to mourne my Losse,

I stand the bitter Night

In my Window where I may see

Before the Windes, how the Cloudes flee;

Lo; what a Mariner Love hath made me.

And in grene Waves when the salt Flood,

Doth rise by rage of Winde,

A Thousand Fancies in that mood,

Affayle my restless Mynde.

Alas! now drencheth my swet so,

That with the Spoile of my Harte did go,

And left me (but alas!) Why did he so?

And when the Seas waxe calme againe,

To chace from me annoye,

My doubtful Hope doth cause me plaine;

So dread cuts off my Joye.

Thus is my Wealth mingled with Woe,
And of eche Thought a doubt doth growe,
Now he comes, will he come? alas! no, no.

*Complaint of a dying Lover, refused upon his Ladie's
injust mistaking of his Writing.*

IN Winters just returne, when *Boreas* gan his raygne,
And every Tree unclothed fast, as Nature taught them playne,
In misty Morninge darke, as Shepe are then in holde,
I hyed me fast, it sat me on, my Skirde for to unfold.

And as it is a Thing that Lovers have by fittes,
Under a Palme I heard one drye, as he had lost his wittes,
Whose Voice did ring so shrill in uttringe of his plaint,
That I amazed was to heare, how Love could him attaint.

Ah wretched Man, quod he, come Death and rid this Wo:
A just Reward, a happie End, if it may chaunce thee so,
Thy Pleasures past wrought thy Wo, without redresse.

If thou hadst never felt no Joye, thy smart had been the lesse,
And rechelesse of his Life, he gan both sigh and grone,

A ruful Thing me thought it was, to heare him make such mones,
Thou cursed Pen, saith he, wo worth the Birde thee bare.

The Mann, the Knife, and all that made thee, wo be to their share,
Wo worth the Tyme and Place, where I so could endire,

And wo be it yet once again, the Pen that so can write,
Unhappie Hande, it had been happy Time for me,

If when to write thou learned first, unjointed hadst thou be.
Thus cursed he himselve, and every other wight,

Save her alone whom Love him bound to serve both Day and Night:
Which when I heard and sawe, how he himself forbyd,

Against the Ground with bloudy strokes, himself even there to rid.
Had been my Harte of Flint, it must have melted, tho'

For in my Life I never sawe a Man so full of Wo, *Fol. IX.*
With Tears for his Redresse, I rashly to him ran,

And in my Arms I caught him fast, and thus I spake him than.
What woful wight art thou, that in such heavy Case,

Torments thy self with such despight, here in this desart Place?
Wherewith, as all agast, fullfild with yre and dread,

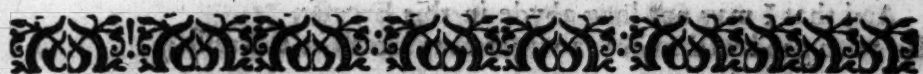
He cast ou me a staring loke, with colour pale and dead.
Nay, what art thou (quod he) that in this heavy plight,

Dost find me here, most woful Wretch, that Life hath in despight?
I am (quod I) but poore, and simple in degree,

A Shepheards Charge I have in hand, unworthy tho' I be.
With that he gave a Sighe as though the Skye should fall,

And loude (alas!) he shryked oft, and Shepheard gan he call.

Come hie thee fast at once, and print it in thy Harte,
 So thou shal know, and I shal tell the gilltlesse how I smart.
 His Backe against the Tree, fore feebled all with faint,
 With wery sprite he stretcht him up, and thus he told his plaint.
 Once in my Harte (quod he) it chaunced me to Love
 Such one, in whom hath Nature wrought, her cunning for to prove.
 And sure I cannot say, but many Yeres were spent,
 With such good Will so recompent, as both we were content.
 Whereto then I me bounde, and she likewise also,
 The Sunne should runne his Course awry e'er we this Faith forgo.
 Who joyed then but I? who had this Worldes blisse?
 Who might compare a Life to myne, that never thought on this?
 But dwellinge in this Truth, amid my greatest Joy,
 Is me befallen a greter Losse then Priam had of Troy.
 She is reverfed clene, and beareth me in hande,
 That my Deserts have geven cause to breke this faithful band.
 And for my just Excuse availeth no Defence,
 Now knowest thou all, I can no more, but Shepheard hie the hence;
 And geve him leave to dye, that may no longer live,
 Whose Record, lo, I claime to have, my Death I do forgeve.
 And eke, when I am gone, be bolde to speake it plain,
 Thou hast seen dye the truest Man that ever Love did paine.
 Wherwith he turn'd him rounde, and gasping oft for Breath,
 Into his Armes a Tree he caught, and said, welcome my Death:
 Welcome a thousand fold, now dearer unto me,
 Than should without her Love to live, an Emperour to be.
 Thus in this woful State he yelded up the gost,
 And little knoweth his Lady, what a Lover she hath lost.
 Whose Death when I beheld, no marvel was it right,
 For pitie though my Harte did bleede, to see so petious sight.
 My Bloud from heat to cold oft changed wonders fore,
 A thousand Troubles there I found I never knew before.
 Twene dread and dolour, so my Sprites were brought in feare,
 That long it was ere I could call to mynde, what I did there.
 But as eche Thing hath ende, so had these Pains of mine,
 The Furies past, and I my Wittes restor'd by length of time.
 Then as I could devise, to seek I thought it best,
 Where I might find some worthy Place, for such a Corps to rest.
 And in my Mynde it came, from thence not far away,
 Where *Cresides* Love, King *Priam's* Son, the worthy *Troilus* lay.
 By him I made his Tomb, in token he was true,
 And as to him belongeth well, I cover'd it with blewe.
 Whose Soule by Angels Power, departed not so soone,
 But to the Hevens, lo it fled, for to receive his Doome.



*Complaint of the Absence of her Lover being upon
the Sea.*

GOOD Ladies, ye that have your Pleasures in exile,
 Step in your Foote, come, take a Place, and morne with me a while,
 And such as by their Lordes do set but little price,
 Let them sit stil, it skiles them not what chaunce come on the Dice.
 But ye whome Love hath bound by order of desire
 To love your Lords, whose good Deserts none other would require:
 Come ye yet once againe, and set your Foote by myne,
 Whose woful Plight and Sorrows great no Tong may well define.
 My Love, and Lord, alas; in whome consists my Welth,
 Hath Fortune sent to passe the Seas in hazard of his Helthe:
 Whome I was wont t'embrace with well contented Mynde,
 Is now amid the foming Floodes at pleasure of the Winde,
 Where God will him pteserve, and sone him home me sende,
 Without which Hope, my Life (alas!) were shortly at an ende.
 Whose Absence yet although, my Hope doth tell me plaine,
 With short returne he comes anone, yet ceaseth not my Paine.
 The fearful Dreames I have, oft times do greve me so,
 That when I wake I lye in doubte where they be true or no.
 Sometime the roaring Seas, me seme do grow so hye,
 That my deare Lorde, ay me alas! methinkes I see him dye.
 Another Time the same doth tell me he is come,
 And playing, where I shall him finde with his faire little Sonne. *Pol. X.*
 So forth I goe apace to see that lefesome sight,
 And with a Kysse, methinke I saye, welcome my Lorde, my Knight,
 Welcome my Swete, alas! the stay of my Welfare,
 Thy Presence bringeth forth a Truce atwixt me and my care.
 Then lively doth he looke, and salveth me again,
 And saith, my Deare, how is it now? that you have al this Paine;
 Wherewith the heavy Cares, that heapte are in my Brest,
 Breake forth, and me discharged clene of all my huge unrest.
 But when I me awake, and finde it but a dreame,
 The anguishe of my former Wo beginneth more extreame.
 And me tormenteth so, that on Earth may I finde,
 Some hidden Place, wherein to slacke the knawing of my Mynde.
 Thus every Way you see, with Absence how I burne,
 And for my Wound no Cure I finde, but hope of good returne:
 Save when I thinke, by Sowre how Swete is felt the more,
 It doth abate some of my Paines, that I abode before.
 And then unto my self I saye, when we shal mete,
 But little while shal seme this Paine, the Joy shall be so swete.
 Ye Windes I you conjure in chieffest of your Rage,
 That yee my Lorde do safely send, my Sorrowes to asswage:

And

And that I may not long abyde in this Excesse,
Do your good will to cure a wight that liveth in Distresse.

*A Praise of his Love, wherein he reproveth them
that compare their Ladies with his.*

GIVE Place ye Lovers here before;
That spent your Boastes and Braggies in wayne;
My Ladies Beautye passeth more;
The best of yours, I dare well sayne,
Than doth the Sunne the Candle light,
Or brightest Day the darkest Night,
And there to hath a troth as just,
As had *Penelope* the faire,
For what she saith ye may it trust,
As it by Writing sealed were,
And Vertues hath she many more,
Than I with Pen have skill to shewe,
I could reherse, if that I would,
The whole Effect of Natures plaint,
When she had lost the perfit Mould,
The like to whom she could not paynt,
With wringing Handes howe she did crye,
And what she sayd, I know it, I
I knowe she swore with raging Mynde,
Her Kingdome onely set apart,
There was no losse by lawe of kynde,
That could have gone so nere her Hart;
And this was chiefly all her payne,
She could not make the lyke agayne.
Sith Nature thus gave her the prayse,
To be the chiefest Worke she wrought,
In faith me thinke some better wayes
On your behalfe might well be sought,
Then to compare (as ye have done)
To matche the Candle with the Sunne.



To the Ladie that skorned her Lover.

Although I had a Cheke,
To geve the Mate is harde,
For I have founde a necke
To kepe my Men in garde,
And you that hardy are
To geve so great assaye
Unto a Man of Warre
To dryve his Men away :

I rede you take good hede,
And marke this foolish Verse,
For I will so provyde
That I will have your ferce.

And when your Ferce is had,
And all your Warre is done,
Then shall your selfe be glad
To end that you begonne.

For if by chaunce I winne
Your Person in the Fielde,
To late then come you in,
Your selfe to me to yelde.

For I will use my Power,
As Captayn full of Might,
And such I will devoure
As use to shew me spight.

And for because you gave
Me checke in your Degree,
This Vantage loe I have,
Now checke, and garde to thee.

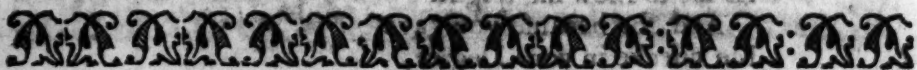
Defend it if thou may,
Stand stiffe in thyne Estate,
For sure I will assay,
If I can geve the Mate.

Fol. XI.



A Warning to the Lover how he is abused by his Love.

TO dearly had I bought my greene and youthfull Yeres,
 If in myne Age I could not fynd when Craft for Love apperes,
 And seldome though I come in Court among the rest,
 Yet can I judge in Colours dymme, as deep as can the best.
 Where grieve tormentes the Man that suffereth secret Smart,
 To break it forth unto some Frende it easeth well the Harte :
 So standes it now with me for my beloved Frende,
 This Case is thyne, for whom I feele such Torment of my Mynde,
 And for thy sake I burne so in my secret Brest
 That tyll thou know my whole Disease, my Harte can have no Rest.
 I see how thyne Abuse hath wrested so thy Wittes,
 That all it yeldes to thy Desyre, and followes thee by Fittes.
 Where thou hast lov'd so long with Harte, and all thy Power.
 I see thee fed with fayned Wordes thy Fredome to devower,
 I know (though she say nay, and would it well withstande)
 When in her Grace thou yeldest the moste, she bare the but in Hand.
 I see her pleasant Chere in chiefest of thy Suite,
 When thou art gone I see him come, that gathers up the Fruite.
 And eke in thy respect I see the base Degree
 Of him to whom she gave the Harte that promised was to thee.
 I see (what would you more) stode never Man so sure
 On Womans Woord, but Wisdome would mistrust it to endure.



The forsaken Lover describeth and forsaketh Love.

O Lothsome Place where I
 Have seene and heard my Dere,
 When in my Harte her Eye
 Hath made her Thought appeare
 By glinsing with such Grace
 As Fortune it ne would,
 That lasten any space
 Between us longer should.
 As Fortune did auance,
 To further my Desire,
 Even so hath Fortunes Chaunce
 Throwen all amids the Mire :

And

And that I have deserved
With true and faithful Harte,
As to his Hands reserved,
That never felt the Smart.

But happy is that Man
That scaped hath the Griefe
That Love well teach him can
By wanting his Reliefe :
A Scourge to quiet Myndes
It is who taketh hede,
A common Plague that byndes,
A Travell without mede.

This Gift it hath also,
Who so enjoyes it moſte,
A thouſand Troubles growe
To vex his wried Ghost,
And laſt it may not long
The trueſt thing of all,
And ſure the greateſt Wrong
That is within this Thrall.

But ſynce, thou deſert Place,
Canſt geve me no accompt
Of my deſired Grace,
That I to have was wont ;
Farewell, thou haſt me taught
To thinke me not the ſuſt
That Love hath ſet aloft,
And caſten in the Duſt.

Fol. XII.



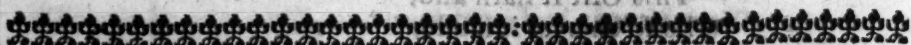
The Lover describes his reſleſſe State.

AS oft as I behold and ſee
The ſoveraigne Beauty that me bound,
The nier my Comfort is to me,
Alas ! the freſher is my Wound.

As Flame doth quench by rage of Fyre,
And running Streames conſumed by Rayne :
So doth the ſight that I deſire,
Appeaſe my Grief and dedly Payne.

Fiſt wen I ſawe thoſe chriſtal Streames,
Whoſe Beauty made my mortall Wounde :
I little thought within her Beames
So ſwete a Venom to have found.

But wilfull Will dyd pricke me forth,
 And blynde Cupyde did whippe and guyde,
 Force made me take my Griefe in worth,
 My fruitles Hope my Harme dyd hide.
 As cruel Waves ful oft be found,
 Against the Rockes to rore and cry,
 So doth my Harte full oft rebound
 Against my Brest full bitterly.
 I fall, and se myne owne decaye,
 As one that beares Flame in his Brest,
 Forgets in Paine to put away
 The thing that bredeth myne unrest.



The Lover excuseth himself of such suspected Change.

THought I regarded not
 The Promise made by me,
 Or passed not to spot
 My Faith and Honestie,
 Yet were my Fanse strange,
 And wilfull Will to wite,
 If I sought nowe to change
 A *Falkon* for a *Kite*.

All Men myght well dispraise
 My Wit and Enterprise,
 If I esteem'd a Pece,
 Above a Pearle in Price.
 Or judged the Owle in sight
 The *Sparhawk* to excell,
 Which flieth but in the Night,
 As all Men know right well.

Or if I sought to fail
 Into the brittle Port,
 Where Anker hold doth faile,
 To such as do resort,
 And leue the Haven sure,
 Where blowes no blustering Wind,
 Nor sickelnesse in ure
 So farforth as I finde.

No, think me not so light,
 Nor of so churlish kinde,
 Though it lay in my might,
 My Bondage to unbinde:
 That I would leue the *Hinde*
 To hunt the *Gander* so,
 No, no, I have no minde
 To make Exchanges so.

Nor yet to change at all,
 For thinke it may not be,
 That I should seke to fall
 From my Felicitie.
 Desirous for to win,
 And loth for to forgo,
 Or new Change to begin,
 How may all this be so.

The Fire cannot fresse :
 For it is not his kynde,
 Nor true Love cannot lese
 The Constancye of Mynde.
 Yet as sone shall the Fyre,
 Want Heat to blase and burne,
 As I in such desyre,
 Have once a Thought to tourne.

Fol. XIII.

*A carelesse Man scorning, and describing the suttle
 Usage of Women towards their Lovers.*

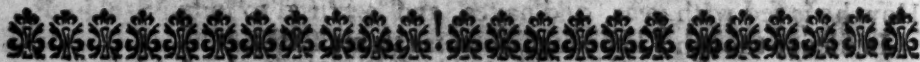
WRAPT in my carelesse Cloke, as I walke to and fro,
 I se, how love can shew, what Force ther reineth in his Bow,
 And howe he shoteth eke, an hardy harte to wounde,
 And where he glaunceth by agayne, that little Hurt is founde.
 For seldome is it sene, he woundeth Hartes a lyke,
 The tone may rage, when t'others Love is often farre to seke.
 Al this I see, with more, and wonder thinketh me,
 How he can strike the one so sore, and leave the other free.
 I see, that wounded wight, that suffreth all this wrong,
 How he is fed with yeas, and naves, and liveth al to long.
 In silence though I kepe such Secretes to my selfe,
 Yet do I see, how she sometye doth yelde a Looke by shethe,
 As though it semde, ywis I will not lose the so,
 When in her Harte so swete a Thought dyd never truly grow.
 Then say I thus, alas ! that Man is farre from Blisse,
 That doth receive for his Relief, none other Gayne but this ;
 And she that fedes him so, I fele and finde it playn,
 Is but to glory in her Power, that over such can raigne.
 Nor are such Graces spent, but when she thinks, that he,
 A wery-Man, is fully bent, such Fancies to let flee.
 Then to retayne him still, she wresteth new her Grace,
 And smileth, lo, as though she would forthwith the Man embrace.
 But when the Prose is made, to try such Lookes with al,
 He fyndeth then the Place al voyde, and freighted full of Gall.
 Lord ! what abuse is this ? who can such Women praise,
 That for their Glory do devise, to use such craftie Wayes.

I, that among the rest do sit, and marke the row,
Find that in her is greater Craft, then is in twenty moe.
Whose tender Yeres, alas! with Wyles so well are sped,
What will she do, when hory Heares are powdred in her Hed?



*An Answer in the behalfe of a Woman of an
uncertaine Authhor.*

GYRT in my giltles Gowne as I fytt here and sowe,
I see that Thynges are not in dede as to the outwarde show;
And who so list to loke and note Thynges somewhat nere,
Shal fynde wher plainesse semes to haunt nothing but Craft apere.
For with indifferent Eies my selfe can well discerne,
How some to guyde a Ship in Stormes seke for to take the sterne,
Whose Practise if were proved in Calme to stere a Barge,
Assuredly, beleve it well, it were to great a Charge;
And some I see agayn sit still and say but small,
That coulde do ten Tymes more then they that say they can do all,
Whose goodly Giftes are such, the more they understand,
The more they seke to learne, and know, and take lesse Charge in hand;
And to declare more playn the Tyme fletes not so fast,
But I can beare full well in mynde the Song now sung and past;
The Authour whereof came, wrapt in a crafty Cloke,
With Will to force a flaming Fyre where he could raise no Smoke,
If Power and Will had joyn'd as it apereth playn,
Then Truth nor Right had tane no Place their Vertues had ben vain;
So that you may perceiue, and I may falsly se,
The Innocent that gilllesse is, condemned should have be.



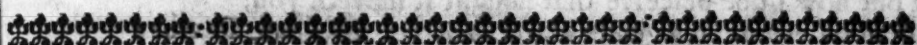
The constant Lover lamenteth.

SINS Fortunes Wrath envyeth the Welthe,
Wherin I raigned by the sight
Of that, that fed myne Eies by steth,
With sower, swete, dread, and delight:
Let not my Grief move you to mone,
For I will wepe and wayle alone.

Spite drave me into Borea's raigne,
Where hory Frostes the Fruites do byte,
When Hylles were spred and every playne
With stormy Wynters mantle white.
And yet my Dere such was my heare,
When others freze then dyd I sweate.

And now though on the Sunne I dryve,
 Whose fervent Flame all thing decaies,
 His Beames in brightnesse may not strive,
 With light of your swete golden Rayes:
 Nor from my Brest this heate remove,
 The frosen Thoughtes graven by Love;
 Ne, may the Waves of the salt hooode,
 Quenche that your Beautye set on Fire.
 For though myne Eies forbear the Foode,
 That did relieve the hote desyre,
 Such as I was, such will I be,
 Your owne, what would ye more of me.

Fol. XIV.



*A Song written by the Earle of Surreie, to a Ladie
 that refused to Daunce with him.*

E CHE Beast can chose his Feere according to his Mynde,
 And eke can shewe a friendly chere, like to their beastly kynd.
 A Lyon saw I late, as white as any snowe,
 Which semed wel to leade the Race his Port the same did showe.
 Upon the gentle Beast to gaze it pleased me,
 For still me thought he semed wel of noble Bloud to be;
 And as he praunc'd before, still seeking for a mate,
 As who would saye there is none here I trowe will me forsake,
 I might perceive a Wolfe as whit as Whales bone.
 A fairer Beast, of fresher hue, beheld I never none;
 Save that her Lookes were coy and froward eke her Grace,
 Unto the which this gentle Beast gan him auance apace,
 And with a becke full lowe he bowed at her Feete,
 In humble wise, as who would saye, I am to farre unmeete;
 But such a scornfull chere wherwith she him rewarded,
 Was never sene, I trowe the like, to such as well deserved.
 With that she start aside, welnere a Foote or twaine,
 And unto him, thus gan she say, with spite and greate disdain:
 Lyon she said, if thou hadst knowen my Mynde before,
 Thou hadst not spent thy Travaile thus, nor al thy Paine fore;
 Do way I let thee wete thou shalt not playe with me,
 Go range about where thou mayst fynd some meter fere for thee:
 With that he bet his Taile, his Eies began to flame,
 I might perceive his noble Harte much moved by the same:
 Yet saw I him refrayne, and eke his Wrath allwage,
 And unto her thus gan he say, when he was past his rage;
 Cruell, you doe me wrong to set me thus so light,
 Without desert, for my good will to shew me such despight.
 How can ye thus entreate a Lyon of the Race,
 That with his Pawes a crowned Kyng devoured in the Place:

Whose

Whose Nature is to praye upon no simple Food,
 As long as he may sucke the Fleشه, and drinke of noble Bloud.
 Yf you bee faire and freshe, am I not of your hue,
 And for my vaunt I dare well say, my Bloud is not untrue.
 For you your selfe have heard it is not long ago,
 Sith that for Love one of the Race dyd ende his Lyfe in Wo.
 In Tower stronge and hye for his assured Truthe,
 Whereas in Teares he spent his Breathe, alas! the more the ruthe,
 This gentle Beast so dyed, whom nothing could remove,
 But willyngly too leese his Lyfe for losse of his true Love.
 Other there be whose Lives do lynger styll in payne,
 Against their Willes preserved are that woulde have dyed fayne.
 But now I doe perceiue that nought it moveth you,
 My good entent, my gentle Harte, nor yet my kinde so true:
 But that your wil is such, to lure me to the Trade,
 As other some full many Yeres to trace by Craft ye made.
 And thus behold our kyndes how that we differ farre,
 I seeke my Foes, and you your Friendes do threaten stil with Warr.
 I faune where I am fed, you slay that sekes to you,
 I can devour no yielding pray, you kill where you subdue.
 My kynde is to desyre the Honour of the Field,
 And you with Bloud to slake your Thirst on such as to you yelde.
 Wherefore I would you wist that for your coyed Lookes,
 I am no Man that will be trapt, nor tangled with such hookes.
 And though some lust to Love, where blame full well they might,
 And to such Beastes of currant sort that would have travail bright:
 I will observe the Lawe that Nature gave to me,
 To conquer such as will resist, and let the rest go free.
 And as a *Fawcon* free that soareth in the Ayre,
 Which never fed on Hand nor lure, nor for no stale doth care:
 While that I Lyve and Breathe, suche shall my Custome be,
 In wildnes of the Woodes to seke my Praye where pleaseth me.
 Where many one shall rue, that never made Offence,
 Thus you refuse against my Power shal bore them no defence.
 And for Revenge thereof I vowe and sweare thereto,
 A Thousand Spoyles I shall commit I never thought to doo;
 And if to lyght on you my lucke so good shall be,
 I shall be glad to feed on that, that would have fed on me.
 And thus fare well unkynde, to whom I bent and bowe, Fol. XV.
 I would ye wist the Ship is safe that bare his Sayle so lowe.
 Sith that a Lyon's Harte is for a Wolfe no praye,
 With bloody Mouth go slake your Thirst on simple Shepe I saye.
 With more despyte and yre than I can now expresse,
 Which to my Payn though I refrayn, the cause you may wel gesse,
 As for because my selfe was Author of the Game,
 It botes me not that for my Wrath I should disturbe the same.



The faithful Lover declareth his Paynes, and his uncertaine Joyes, and with oneli Hope recomforteth somewhat his wofull Harte.

IF Care do cause Men crye, why doe not I complaine,
 If eche Man doe bewaile his Wo, why shew I not my payne?
 Synce that amongst them all I dare well saye is none,
 So farre from Weale, so full of Wo, or hath more cause to mone,
 For all Things having Lyfe sometyme hath quiet rest,
 The bearyng Assle, the drawing Ox, and every other Beast;
 The Peasant and the Post, that serves at all assays,
 The Ship-Boy, and the Galley-Slave, have time to take their ease,
 Save I, alas! whome care of Force so doth constrain,
 To wayle the Day, and wake the Night continually in payne.
 From pensiveness to plaint, from plaint to bitter Teares,
 From Teares to painfull plaint agayn, and thus my Lyfe it weares:
 Nothing under the Sunne that I can heare or see,
 But moveth me for to bewaile my cruell destiny.

For where Men do rejoyce, since that I cannot so,
 I take no Pleasure in that place, it doubleth but my Wo.
 And when I heare the sounde of Song or Instrument,
 Methinke eche Tune there dolefull is, and helps me to lament.
 And yf I see some have their moste desired sight,
 Alas! think I, eche Man hath Weale, save I, moste wofull wight.
 Then as the stricken *Deare* withdrawes himselfe alone,
 So doe I seke some secret Place where I may make my mone;
 There doe my flowyng Eyes shew forth my melting Harte,
 So that the Streames of those two Wells right well declare my smarte.
 And in those Cares so could I force my self a heate,
 As sicke Men in their shaking fittes procure themselves to sweate.
 With Thoughtes that for the Tyme do much appease my payne,
 But yet they cause a farther feare, and brede my Wo agayne.
 Methynke within my Thought, I see right plaine appere,
 My Hartes delight, my Sorowes leache, myne earthly Goddesse here.

With every sundry Grace that I have seene her have,
 Thus I within my wofull Brest her Picture paynt and grave:
 And in my Thought I roll her Beautyes too and fro,
 Her laughing chere, her lively Looke, my Harte that perced so;
 Her straungenes when I sued her Servaunt for to be,
 And what she sayd, and how she smylde, when that she pitied me:
 Then comes a sodaine feare that rueth al my rest,
 Left Absence cause forgetfulnes to sinke within her Brest.

For when I thynke how farre this Earth doth us devide,
 Alas! mesemes Love throwes me down; I fele how that I slide.

But when I thinke againe, why should I thus mistrust,
 So swete a wight, so sad and wyfe, that is so true and iust.
 For loth she was to Love, and wavering is she not,
 The farther of, the more desyre, thus Lovers trie their knot :
 So in dispayre and Hope plunged am I both up and downe,
 As is the Ship with Wynd and Wave when Neptune list to frowne.
 But as the watery Showers delay the ragyng Wynde,
 So doth good Hope cleane put away Dispayre out of my Mynde,
 And byddes me for to serve and suffer patiently,
 For what wot I that after Weale that Fortune willes to me.
 For those that Care do knowe and tasted have of trouble,
 When passed is their woful Payne, eche Joy shal seme then double.
 And bytter sendes she nowe to make me tast the better,
 The pleasant swete, when that it comes, to make it seme the sweter.
 And so determine I to serve untill my Breath,
 Yea, rather dye a thousand Tymes then once to false my Faith:
 And yf my dedly Corps through weight of wofull smart,
 Do fayle or faint, my Will it is that styll she kept my Harte.
 And when this Carcas here to Earth shal be refard,
 I do bequeath my weried Gost to serve her afterward.



The Means to attaine happy Life.

Martial, the Things that doe attaine Fol. XVI.
 The happy Life, be these I finde,
 The Riches left, not got with paine,
 The fruitful Ground, the quiet minde.
 The egall Frend no grudge no strife,
 No charge of Rule nor Governauce,
 Without Disease the healthful Life,
 The Household of continuance.
 The meane Diet, no delicate Fare,
 True Wisedome joinde with simplenes,
 The Night discharged of all Care,
 Where Wine the Witte may not oppresse.
 The faithful Wife without debate,
 Such Slepes as may beguile the Night,
 Content thy selfe with thine Estate,
 Ne, wish for Death, ne, fear his might.

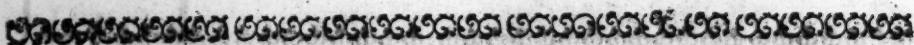
Praise

Praise of Manne and constant Estate.

OF thy Life, *Thomas*, *this compasse wel marke, * *Sir Tho.*
 Not aye with full Sailes the hye Seas to beate, *Wiatt.*
 Ne by Coward dred, in shonning Stormes darke,
 On shallowe Shores thy Keel in Peril fret.
 Who so gladly halfeth the Golden Meane,
 Void of Daungers advisedly hath his Home
 Not with lothsome Mucke, as a Den uncleane,
 Nor Palace like, whereat Disdain may glome ;
 The lofty Pyne the great Winde often ryves,
 With Violenter swey false Turrets stepe,
 Lightnings assaut the high Mountains and Clives,
 A Harte well staide, in overthwartes depe,
 Hoapeth amendes in swete, doth feare the sowre
 God that sendeth, withdraweth Winter sharp,
 No will not aye thus, once *Phebus* to lowre,
 With Bowe unbent, shall cesse, and frame to harpe
 His Voice, in strate Estate appear thou stout
 And so wisely, when lucky Gale of Winde
 All thy puffed Sailes shall fill, loke wel about,
 Take in a Rift, hall is wast, Profe doth fynde.

*Praise of certaine Psalmes of David, translated by
 Sir T. W. the elder.*

THE great *Macedone* that out of *Persie* chased
Darius, of whose huge Power all *Asia* rong,
 In the riche Arke *Dan Homers* Rhimes he placed,
 Who fained Gestes of heathen Princes Song :
 What holy Grave ? what worthy Sepulchre
 To *Wyat's* † Psalmes should Christians then purchase, † *Sir Tho.*
 Where he doth paint the lively Faith and pure ? *Wiatt.*
 The stedfast Hope, the sweete returne to Grace
 Of just *David* by perfit Penitence,
 Where Rulers may see in a Myrrour clere
 The bitter Fruite of false Concupiscence,
 How *Jewry* bought *Uria's* Death full deare.
 In Princes Hartes God's Scourge imprinted depe,
 Ought them awake out of their sinful Sleepe.



Of the Death of the same Sir T. W.

DIvers thy Death do diversly bemoane,
 Some that in presence of thy livelied
 Lurked, whose Brestes Envy with Hate had swolne,
 Yelde *Cesar's* Teares uppon *Pompeious* Hed,
 Some that watched with the Murderer's Knife,
 With eager Thirst to drink thy giltles Blood,
 Whose Practice brake by happy end of Life,
 With envious Tears to heare thy Fame so good,
 But I, that knew what harbred in that Hed,
 What Vertues rare were tempred in that Breste,
 Honour the Place that such a Jewel bred,
 And kisse the Ground wheras the Corps doth rest,
 With vapored Eyes, from whence such Streames awayle,
 As *Priamus* did on *Thisbes* Brest bewayle.



Of the same.

WHAT resteth here, that quicke could never rest,
 Whose heavenly Giftes encrease by Disdaine,
 And Vertue sanke the deeper in his Brest, Fol. XVII.
 Such Profit he by Envy could obtaine.

A Hed, where Widdome Misteries did frame,
 Whose Hammers bet still in that livelye Brain,
 As on a stithe, where that some Worke of Fame
 Was dayly wrought, to turn to *Britaines* gaine.

A Village steme, and milde, where both did growe,
 Vice to contemne, in Vertue to rejoyce
 Amid great Stormes, whome Grace assured so
 To live upright, and smile at Fortunes choyce.

A Hand that taught what might be said in time,
 That rest *Chaucer* the Glory of his Wit:

A Mark, the which (unparfited for time)
 Some may approche, but never none shal hit:

A Tong, that served in foreign Realmes his King,
 Whose courteous Talke to Vertue did inflame
 Eche noble Harte, a worthy guide to bring
 Our *English* Youth, by travaile unto Fame.

An Eye, whose Judgement none effect could blinde,
 Frindes to allure, and Foes to reconcile,
 Whose perlinge looke did represent a minde
 With Vertue fraught, reposed voyde of Guile.

A Harte, where Dreade was never so impress,
 To hide the Thought that might the Trough auance,
 In neither Fortune lost, nor yet repress,
 To swell in Wealth, or yelde unto Mischaunce.

A valiant Corps, where Force and Beauty met,
 Happy, Alas! to happy, but for Foes,
 Lived, and ran the Race that Nature set,
 Of Manhodes shape, where she the molde did lose.

But when to the Heavens that simple Soul is fled,
 Which left with such as covet Christ to knowe;
 Witnes of Faith, that never shal be dead,
 Sent for our Health, but not received so:
 Thus for our Gilt this Jewel have we lost,
 The Earth his Bones, the Heavens possesse his Ghost.



Of the same.

IN the rude Age when Knowledge was not rise,
 If *Jove* in *Crete*, and other were that taught
 Artes to convert to profit of our Life,
 Wen'd after Death to have their Temple sought,
 If Vertue yet no voyde unthankful Time,
 Fayled of some to blast her endles Fame,
 A goodly mean both to deferre from Crime,
 And to her Steppes our Sequele to enflame:
 In Daies of Truth, if *Wyates* Friendes then wayle,
 The only Det that dead of quicke may claime,
 That rare Wit spent, employed to our availle,
 Where Christ is taught we led to Vertues Traine,
 His lively Face their Brests how did it freat,
 Whose Cinders yet, with Envy they do eate.

Of Sardanapalus's dishonorable Life, and miserable Deathe.

TH' *Assyrian* King in Peace, with foule Desire,
 And filthy Lustes, that stainde his regal Harte
 In Warre, that should set princely Hartes on fyre,
 Did yeld, vanquisht for want of marciall Art.
 The dynt of Sweordes from Kisses semed strange,
 And harder than his Ladies Side, his Targe,
 From glutton Feastes, to Souldiers Fare, a Change,
 His Helmet farre above a Garlandes Charge,
 Who scarce the Name of Manhod did retain,
 Drenched in Slough, and womannish Delight,
 Feble of Sprite, impatient of Paine,
 When he had lost his Honor and his Right,
 Proud time of Welth, in Storms appald with Dreade,
 Murdred himself, to shew some manfull Deede.

*How no Age is content with his owne Estate, and how
 the Age of Children is the happiest, if they had
 Skill to understand it.*

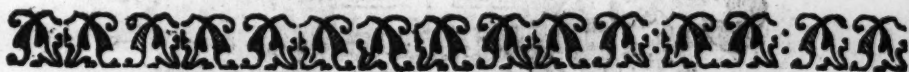
LAyed in my quiet Bed, in Studie as I were, Fol. XVIII.
 I saw within my troubled Head, a heape of Thoughtes appere:
 And every Thought did shew so lively in myne Eies,
 That now I sight, and then I smilde, as cause of Thoughts did rise.
 I saw the little Boy, in Thought how oft that he
 Did wish of God, to scape the Rod; a tall yong Man to be;
 The yong Man eke that feeles his Bones with Paines oppresse,
 How he would be a riche olde Man to live and lie at rest.
 The riche olde Man that sees his End draw on so fore,
 How he would be a Boy againe to live so muche the more:
 Whereat full ofte I smilde, to see how all these three,
 From Boy to Man, from Man to Boy, would chop and change degree;
 And musing thus, I think, the Case is very strange,
 That Man from Wealth, to live in wo, doth ever seke to change.
 Thus thoughtfull as I lay, I saw my withered Skynne,
 How it doth shew my dented Chewes, the Flesh was worn so thin;
 And eke my totheles Chaps, the Gates of my right Way,
 That opes and shuts as I do speake, do thus unto me say;

The white and horish heres, the Messenger of Age,
 That shew like Lines of true Beliefe, that this Life dothe asswage,
 Byddes thee lay Hand, and feele them hanging on thy Chin;
 The which do write two Ages past, the third now coming in:
 Hang up therefore the Bitte of thy yong wanton Time,
 And thou that therein beaten art, the happiest Life define.
 Whereat I sighed, and said, Farewell my wonted Joy,
 Trusse up thy Packe, and trudge from me, to every little Boy,
 And tell them thus from me, their Time most happy is,
 If to their Time they Reason had, to know the Truth of this.



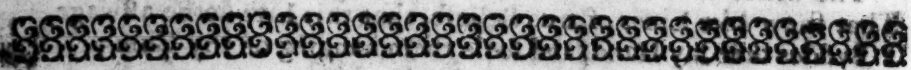
Bonum est mihi quod humiliasti me.

THE Stormes are past, these Clouds are overblown,
 And humble chere, great Rigour hath repress,
 For the Defaut is set a Paine forknowne,
 And Patience graft in a determed Brest;
 And in the Harte where heapes of Griefes were growne,
 The swete Revenge hath planted Mirth and Rest,
 No Company so pleasant as myne owne.
 Thraldome at large hath made this Prison free,
 Danger well past remembred Workes Delight,
 Of lingering Doubts such Hope is sprong pardie,
 That nought I finde displeasaunt in my sight:
 But when my Glasse presented unto me
 The curelesse Wound that bledeth Day and Night,
 To thinke (alas !) such hap should graunted be
 Unto a Wretch that hath so oft been shed,
 For Brittaines sake (alas !) and now is ded.



Exhortacion to learne by others Trouble.

MY Ratelife, when the rechelesse Youth offendes,
 Receive thy Scourge by others Chastisment,
 For such calling, when it workes none amendes,
 Then Plagues are sent without Advertisement.
 Yet Salomon sayd, the wronged shal recure,
 But Wyat sayd true, the Scarre doth aye endure.



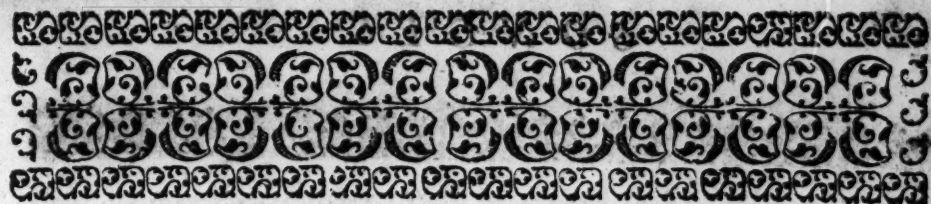
The Fansie of a weried Lover.

TH E Fansie which that I have served long,
That hath alway been enemy to myne ease,
Semed of late to rue upon my wrong,
And badde me flie the cause of my misease,
And I foorthwith did prease oute of the Thronge,
That thought by flight my painefull Harte to please,
Some other Way, till I saw Faith more stronge,
And to my self I sayd ; Alas! those Dayes
In vain were spent, to runne the Race so long ;
And with that Thought I met my Guide, the Plaine
Out of the way wherein I wandered wronge,
Brought me amids the Hilles in base *Bull-yu*,
Where I am now as restles to remayne,
Against my Wil, full pleased with my Paine.

S U R R E Y.



M



*The Love for shamefastnesse hideth his Desire within
his faithful Harte.*

TH E one long Love, that in my Thought I harber, Fol. XIX.
And in my Harte doth kepe his Residence,
Into my Face preaseth with bold pretence;
And there campeth, displayeth his Banner.
She that me learnes to love, and to suffer,
And wiles that my Trust, and lustes negligence,
Be reyned by Reason, Shame and Reverence,
With his Hardinesse takes displeasure,
Wherewith Love to the *Hartes* Forest he fleeth,
Leaving his Enterprise with paine and crye,
And there him hideth and not appeareth:
What may I doe? when my Maister feareth,
But in the Field with him to live and dye,
For good is the Life, ending faithfully.



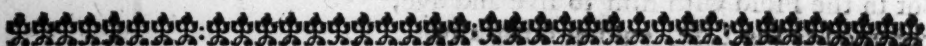
*The Lover waxeth wyser, and wil not die for
Affection.*

YE T was I never of your Love agreved,
Nor never shall, while that my Lite doth last:
But of hating my selfe, that date is past,
And Tears continually sore hath me wried,
I wil not yet in my Grave be buried,
Nor on my Tombe your Name have fixed fast,
As cruell Cause, that did my Sprite soone hast
From th'unhappie Bonnes, by great Sighes stirred,
Then if an Harte of amorous Faith and Will,
Content your Mind withouten doing Griefe:
Please it you so to this to doe Reliefe;
If otherwise you seke for to fulfill
Your Wrath, you erre, and shall not as you wene,
And you your selfe the Cause thereof have been.



*The abused Lover seeth his Follie, and entendeth to
trust no more.*

WAS never File yet halfe so well yfild,
To file a File for any Smithes entent,
As I was made a filing Instrument,
To frame other, while that I was begyled:
But Reason, loe, hath at my Folly smiled,
And pardoned me, sins that I me repent
Of my last Yeres, and of my Time mispent:
For Youth led me, and Falshod me misguided,
Yet this Trust I have of great Apparence,
Sins that Disceit is aye returnable,
Of very force it is agreable,
That therewithall be done the Recompence,
Then gyle begyled, plained should be never,
And the Reward is little trust for ever.



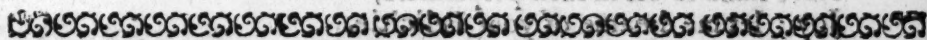
*The Lover describeth his being stricken with sight
of his Love.*

THE lively Sparkes that issue from those Eyes,
Against the which there vaileth no Defence,
Have perft my Harte, and done it none offence,
With quaking Pleasure, more then once or twise,
Was never Man could any Thing devise,
Sunne Beames to turne with so great vehemence.
To dase Man's sight, as by their bright Prefence
Dased am I, much lyke unto the gyle
Of one stricken with dint of Lighteninge,
Blind with the stroke, and cryinge here and there,
So call I for helpe, I not when, nor where,
The pain of my Fal patiently bearing,
For straight after the blase (as is no wonder)
Of deadly Noyse heare I the fearful Thunder.



*The wavering Lover willeth, and dreadeth, to move
his desire.*

SUCH vaine Thought as wonted to mislead me, Fol. XX.
In desert Hope by well assured mone,
Makes me from Company to live alone,
In following her, whome Reason biddes me flee,
And after her my Harte would faine be gone,
But armed Sighes my Way do stop anone,
Twixt Hope and Dread lacking my Libertie,
So flyeth she by gentle Crueltie,
Yet as I geasse under disdainful Brow
One Beame of truth is in her cloudy Lookes,
Which comfortes the Mind, that earst for fear shooke,
That bolded straight, the Way then seke I how
To utter forth the Smart I bide within,
But such it is, I not how to begin.



*The Lover having dreamed enjoying of his Love,
complaineth that the Dreame is not either longer
or truer.*

UNstable Dreame, according to the Place,
Be stedfast ones, or els at least be true;
By tasted Sweetnesse, make me not to feare;
By good Respect, in such a dangerous Case.
Thou broughtest not her into these tossing Seas,
But madest my Spirit to live, my Care t' encrease,
My Body in Tempest her delight t' embrace;
The Body dead, the Spirit had his desire,
Painlesse was th' one, the other in delight:
Why then, alas! did it not keepe it right,
But thus returne to leape into the Fier?
And where it was at wish, could not remaine;
Such mockes of Dreames do turne to deadly pain.

*The Lover unhappy, biddeth happy Lovers rejoice
in May, while he waileth that Moneth to him
most unluckely.*

YE that in Love fynde lucke and sweete abondance,
And live in Lust of joiful jolitie,
Aryse for shame, doe way your sluggardy ;
Aryse, I say, doe *May* some observaunce ;
Let me in Bed lye, dreming of mischaunce ;
Let me remember my mishappes unhappy,
That me betide in *May* most commonly,
As one whome Love list little to advaunce.
Stephan said true, that my Nativitie,
Mischaunced was with the Ruler of *May* :
He gest (I prove) of that the veritie ;
In *May* my Welth, and eke my Wittes, I say,
Have stand so oft in such perplexitie,
Joy ; let me dreame of your Felicitie.

The Lover confesseth him in Love with Phillis.

IF waker Care, if sodeine pale colour,
If many Sighes with little Speche to plaine,
Now Joy, now Wo, if they my chere distaine,
For hope of smal, if much to feare therfore,
To hast or slacke my pace, to lesse or more,
Be signe of Love, then doe I love againe,
If thou aske whome, sure sins I did refraine,
Brunet, that set my Welth in such a rore,
Th'unfain'd chere of *Phillis* hath the Place
That *Brunet* had, she hath, and ever shall ;
She from my self now hath me in her Grace ;
She hath in Hand my Wit, my Will and all ;
My Harte alone well worthy she doth stay,
Without whose help skant do I live a Day.



Of others fained Sorrow, and the Lovers fained Mirth.

CESAR, whan that the Traitor of Egypt
 With th'onorable Head did him present,
 Covering his Hartes gladnesse, did represent
 Plaint with his Teares outward, as it is writ
 Eke *Hanniball* when Fortune him out shrit,
 Clene from his Reigne, and from all his entent,
 Laught to his Folke, whom Sorrow did torment,
 His cruel despite for to disgorge and quite.
 So chaunced me, that every Passion
 The Mind hydeth by colour contrary,
 With fained Visage; now sad, now mery,
 Whereby if that I laugh at any Season,
 It is because I have none other way
 To cloke my Care, but under Sport and Play.

Fol. XXI.



Of Change in Mind.

ECHE Man me telth, I change most my devise,
 And on my Faith, me think it good Reason
 To change Purpose, like after the Season,
 For in eche Case to kepe still one guise,
 Is meete for them that would be taken wise.
 And I am not of such maner Condicion,
 But treated after a divers Fashion,
 And thereupon my diversenesse doth rise.
 But you this diversenesse that blame Men most,
 Change you no more, but still after one rate,
 Treat you me well, and kepe you in that State:
 And while with me doth dwell this weried Ghost,
 My Woord nor I shall not be variable,
 But alwaies one, your owne both firme and stable.

How

*How the Lover perisbeth in his Delight, as the
Fly in the Fier.*

SOME Fowles there be that have no perfitte fight
Against the Sunne, their Eyes for to defend;
And some, because the Light doth them offend,
Never appeare, but in the dark or night:
Others reioice, to see the Fier so bright,
And wene to play in it, as they pretend,
But finde contrary of it, that they extend,
Alas! of that Sort may I be by right:
For to withstand her Look I am not able,
Yet can I not hide me in no darke Place,
So followeth me remembrance of that Face,
That with my teary Eyan, swolne and unstable,
My Desteny to behold her doth me leade,
And yet I know I runne into the gleade,

Against his Tong that failed to utter his Suites.

BECAUSE I still kept the from Lyes and Blame,
And to my Power alwaies the honoured,
Unkind Tong, to yll hast thou me rendred,
For such Desert to do me wreke and shame:
In nede of Succour most when that I am,
To aske Rewarde, thou standest like one a frayde,
Alway most colde, and if one Woorde be saide,
As in a Dreame, unperfitte is the same;
And ye salt Teares, against my Will eche Night,
That are with me, when I should be alone,
Then are ye gone, when I should make my mone:
And ye so ready Sighes, to make me shright,
Then are ye slacke, when that ye should our start,
And onely doth my Look declare my Hart.

Description of the contrarious Passions in a Lover.

I Fynd no Peace, and all my Warre is done,
 I feare and hope, I burne, and frise like Yse,
 I flye aloft, yet can I not arise, Fol. XXII.
 And nought I have, and al the World I season,
 That lockes nor loseth, holdeth me in Prison,
 And holdes me not, yet can I scape no wise,
 Nor lettes me live, nor die, at my devise,
 And yet of Death it geveth me Occasion.
 Without Eye I see, without Tong I plain;
 I wish to perish, yet I aske for Health;
 I love another, and I hate my selfe;
 I fede me in Sorow, and laugh in at my Paine;
 Lo, thus displeaseth me both Death and Life,
 And my Delight is causer of this Strife.

*The Lover compareth his State to a Shippe in perilous
 Storme tossed on the Sea.*

MY Gally charged with forgetfulnesse,
 Through sharp Seas, in Winter Nights doth pas,
 Twene Rocke, and Rocke, and eke my Foe (alas!)
 That is my Lord, stereth with cruelnesse,
 And every Houre, a Thought in readinesse,
 As though that Death were light in such a case,
 And endlesse Winde doth teare the Saile apace,
 Of forced Sighes and trusty fearefulnesse.
 A Rain of Teare, a Cloude of darke Disdayne,
 Have done the weried Coardes great hinderance,
 Wretched with Errour and with Ignorance,
 The Starres be hidde that lead me to this Paine;
 Drounde is Reason that should be my comforte,
 And I remaine, dispairing of the Porte.



Of doubtful Love.

AVysing the bright Beames of those faire Eyes,
 Where he abides that mine oft moistes and wasteth,
 The weried Mind straight from the Harte departeth,
 To rest within his worldly Paradise,
 And Bitter findes the Sweete under his gyse,
 What Webbs there he hath wrought, well he perceiveth,
 Wherby then with himselfe on Love he plaineth,
 That spurs with Fier, and brydleth eke with Yse:
 In such Extremitie thus is he broughte,
 Frosen now Cold, and now he standes in Flame,
 Twixt Wo and Wealth; betwixt earnest and game,
 With seldome glad, and many a divers Thought,
 In fore representance of his hardinesse,
 Of such a Roote, loe, commeth Frute, frutelesse.



*The Lover sheweth how he is forsaken of such as he
 sometime enjoyed.*

THEY flee from me, that sometime did me seke,
 With naked Foote stalking within my Chamber,
 Once have I sene them gentle, tame, and meke,
 That now are wild, and do not once remember,
 That sometime they have put themselves in danger,
 To take Bread at my Hand, and now they range,
 Busely seking in continual change.

Thanked be Fortune, it hath been otherwise,
 Twenty Times better, but once especiall,
 In thine Aray, after a pleasaunt gyse,
 When her loose Gowne did from her Shoulders fall,
 And she me caught in her Armes long and small,
 And therewithall so sweetely did me kisse,
 And softly sayd deare Harte, how like you this?

It was no Dreame, for I lay Brode awaking,
 But al is tourned now through my gentlenessse,
 Into a bitter Fashion of forsaking:
 And I have leave to goe of her goodnesse,
 And she also to use new fanglenesse;
 But, sins that I unkindly so am served,
 How like you this, what hath she now deserved?

P O E M S

O N

Several Occasions.

By Sir THOMAS WYATE.

IN EFFIGIEM
THOMÆ VIATI.

*Holbenus nitida pingendi maximus Arte,
Effigiem expressit graphice : Sed nullus Apellos
Exprimet ingenium felix animumque Viati.*



Aetas Viati.

*Syderei peteret quum Cæli Regna Viatus,
Tempora lastrorum non dum compleveras OEs.*

MEMORANDUM

Several Occasions.

By J. THOMAS WYATT.

IN EXERCISE

THOMAS WYATT

Printed by J. Thomas Wyatt, at the Press of the University of Cambridge, in the Strand, near the Royal Exchange, in the City of London.

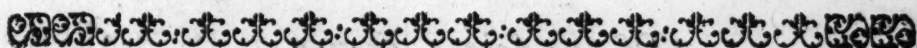


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The Lady to aunswere directly with Yea or Nay.

MADAME, withouten many Woordes Fol. XXIII.
 Once I am sure, you wil, or no,
 And if you wil, then leave your boordes,
 And use your Wit, and shewe it so,
 For with a beck you shall me call,
 And if of one, that burnes alwaye,
 Ye have pittie, or ruth at al;
 Aunswere him faire withe yee or naye;
 If it be naye, Friendes as before,
 You shall another Man obtaine,
 And I mine owne, and yours no more.



To his Love whom he had kissed against her Will.

ALAS! Madame, for stealing of a Kisse,
 Have I so much your Mind therein offended?
 Or have I done so grievously amisse,
 That bye no meanes it maye not bee amended?
 Revenge you then, the readiest Way is this,
 Another Kyss my Life it shall have ended,
 For to my Mouth the first my Harte did sucke,
 The next shall cleane out of my Brest it plucke.



*Of the jealous Man that loved the same Woman, and
 espied this other sitting with her.*

THE wandering gadling in the Sommer Tyde,
 That finds the Adder with his rechles Foote
 Startes not dismayde so sodenly aside,
 As jealous despite did, though there were no boote,
 When that he saw me sitting by her side,
 That of my Health is very crop and roote.
 It pleased me then to have so faire a Grace,
 To sting the Harte that woulde have mye Place,

To his Love from whom he had her Gloves.

WHAT nedes these threatning Woordes, and wasted Winde?
 All this cannot make me restore my Pray,
 To robbe your good, ywis is not my mind,
 Nor causelesse your faire Hand did I displaye,
 Let Love be judge, or els whom next we finde,
 That may both heare what you and I can say,
 She rest my Harte, and I a Glove from her,
 Let us see then, if one be worthe the other.

Of the fained Frende.

RIGHT true it is, and sayd full Yore agoc,
 Take hede of him that by the Backe thee claweth,
 For none is woofse then is a frendely Foe,
 Though thee seeme good, al Thing that thee deliveth,
 Yet know it well, that in thy Bosome creepeth;
 For many a Man such Fier oft times he kindleth,
 That with the Blase his Beard himselfe he fingerth.

The Lover taught, mistrusteth Allurementes.

IT may be good, like it who list,
 But I do doubt who can me blame,
 For oft assured, yet have I mist,
 And now againe I fere the same.
 The Woordes that from your Mouth last came,
 Of sodeyn change make me agast,
 For dread to fall I stand not fast.
 Alas! I treade an endles Mase,
 That seke t'acorde two contraries,
 And hope thus still, and nothing hase,
 Imprisoned in Liberties,
 As one unheard, and still that cries,
 Alwais Thirsty, and nought doth tast,
 For dread to fall I stand not fast.

Fol. XXIV.

Assured

Assured, I doubt, I be not sure,
Should I then trust unto such suretye
That oft hath put the Profe in ure,
And never yet have founde it trustie.
Nay, for in faith, it wer great Folly,
And yet my Life thus do I wast,
For dread to fall, I stand not fast.

~~~~~

*The Lover complaineth that his Love doth not pitie him,*

**R**esound my Voyce ye Woodes, that heare me plaine,  
Both Hilles and Vales causing Reflexion,  
And Rivers eke, record ye of my Payne,  
Which have ofte forced ye by Compassion,  
As Judges, lo, to heare my Exclamacion.  
Among whom, ruth (I finde) yet doth remaine,  
Wher I seeke, alas! there is disdain.

Oft ye Rivers, to heare my wofull sound,  
Have stopt your Cours, and plainly to expresse,  
Many a Teare by Moisture of the Ground,  
The Earth hathe wepte to heare my heavinesse,  
Which, causelesse, I endure without redresse;  
The hugy Okes have roared in the winde,  
Eche Thing methought, complaining in their kind:  
Why then, alas! doth not she on me rue,  
Or els, is her Harte so hard, that no pitie  
May in it sink, my Joy for to renew?  
O stony Harte, who hath thus framed thee  
So cruell? that art cloked with Beautye,  
That from thee may no Grace to me procede,  
But as Reward, Death for to be my meede.

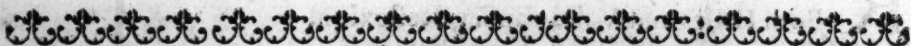
~~~~~

*The Lover rejoyseth against Fortune, that by hinder-
ing his Sute, had happely made him forsake his
Folly.*

IN Faith I wote not what to say
Thy Chaunces bene so wondrous,
Thou Fortune with thy divers playe,
That makest the joyful dolorous.
Yet though thy Chaine hath me enwrapte,
Spite of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.

Though thou hast set me for a wonder,
 And seekst by Change to doe me paine,
 Mens Minds yet maist thou not so order,
 For Honestie, if it remaine,
 Shall shine for al thy cloudy Raine.
 In vaine thou seekst to have me trapt,
 Spite of thy hap, hap hath well hapt.

In hindering me, me didst thou further,
 And made a Gap, where was a Stile,
 Cruel Wiles been oft put under,
 Wenning to lower, then didst thou smile,
 Lord, how thy selfe thou didst begyle:
 That in my Cares would have me wrapt,
 But spite of hap, hap hath well hapt.



A Renouncing of hardely escaped Love.

Farewel the Harte of Cruelty,
 Though that with Paine my Liberty
 Deare have I bought, and wofully
 Finisht my feareful Tragedy.
 Of Force I must forsake such Pleasure,
 A good Cause just, since I endure
 Thereby my Wó, which be ye sure,
 Shall therwith go me to recure.

I fare as one escapt that fleeth,
 Glad is he gone, and yet still feareth,
 Spied to be caught, and so dredethe
 That he for nought his Paine leeseeth,
 In joyful Paine, rejoyce my Harte,
 Thus to sustain of eche aparte.

Let not this Song from thee estart,
 Welcome among my pleasaunt smart.

Fol. XXV.



The Lover to his Bed, with discribing of his unquiet State.

THE restfull Place, reneur of my Smart,
 The Labours salve encreasing my Sorow,
 The Bodies ease, and troubler of my Harte,
 Quieter of Mind, mine unquiet Foe,
 Forgeater of Paine, remembrer of my Wó,
 The place of Slepe, wherein I do but wake,
 Besprent with Teares, my Bed, I thee forsake.

The

The frosty Snowes may not redresse my heat,
 Nor heate of Sunne abate my fervent colde ;
 I know nothing to ease my Paine so great,
 Eche Cure causeth encrease by twenty folde;
 Renewing Cares upon my Sorowes old ;
 Such overthwart Effectes in me they make,
 Besprent with Teares, my Bed for to forsake,
 But al for nought, I find no better ease,
 In Bed, or out, this most causeth my Paine,
 Where I do seke how best that I may please
 My lost Labour, (alas !) is all in vaine,
 My Harte once set, I cannot it refraine.
 No Place from me my Griefe away can take,
 Wherefore with Teares, my Bed I thee forsake.



*Comparison of Love to a Streame falling from the
 Alpes.*

FROM these hye Hills, as when a Spring doth fall,
 It trilleth downe with still and suttle Course
 Of this and that, it gathers aye and shall,
 Til it have just downe flowed to streame and force,
 Then at the Foote it rageth over all:
 So fareth Love, when he hath tane a course,
 Rage is his Raine, Resistance vailleth none,
 The first eschue is Remedy alone.



*Wyate's Complaint upon Love, to Reason, with Loves
 Answer.*

MYNE olde dear Enemy, my froward Maister,
 Afore that Queene, I caufde to be affited,
 Which holdeth the Divine Part of our Nature,
 That like as Golde, in Fier he mought be tried,
 Charged with Dolour, there I me presented,
 With horrible feare, as one that greatly dreadeth
 A wrongful Death, and Justice alway seketh.

And thus I saide: Once my left Foote, Madam,
 When I was yong, I set within his raigne,
 Wherby other then fierly burning Flame
 I never felt, but many a grievous Paine:

Torment I suffred, Anger and Disdaine,
That mine oppressed Pacience was past,
And I mine owne Life hated at the last.

Thus hitherto have I my Time passed
In Paine and Smart, what waies is profitable,
How many pleasaunt Dayes have me escaped,
In serving this false Lye so deceivable?
What Wit have Woordes so prest and forceable,
That may containe my great mishappinesse?
And just Complaintes of his ungentlenesse.

So small Hony, much Aloes, and Gall,
In bitternesse, my blinde Life hath ytasted,
His false semblaunce, that turneth as a Ball,
With faire and amorous Daunce, made me be traced,
And wher I had my Thought and Mind eraced
From earthly Frailnesse, and from vaine Pleasure,
Me from my rest he tooke, and set in Errour,

God made he me regardlesse than I ought,
And to my selfe to take right little hede:
And for a Woman have I set at nought
Al other Thoughtes, in this only to spede,
And he was only Counseler of this dede,
Whetting alwaies my youthly fraile desire
On cruell Whetstone, tempered with Fier.

But, (oh, alas!) where had I ever Wit?
Or other Gift geven to me of Nature,
That sooner shall be changed my wried Sprite,
Then the obstinate Will, that is my Ruler,
So robbeth he my Fredome with Displeasure.
This wicked Traytour whom I thus accuse,
That bitter Life hath turned in pleasaunt use.

Fol. XXVI.

He hath me hasted, through divers Regions;
Through desert Woodes, and sharpe hie Mountaines,
Through froward People, and through bitter Passions,
Through rocky Seas, and over Hilles and Plaines,
With wery Travel, and with laborous Paines,
Alwaies in trouble and in tediousnesse,
Al in errour, and dangerous distresse;

But nother he, nor she my t'other Foe,
For al my flight did ever me forsake;
That though my timely Death hath been too slowe,
That me, as yet, it hath not overtake:
The heavenly Gods of Pirie doe it flake,
And not they this his cruell Tyranny,
That feedes him with my Care and Misery.

Sins I was his, hower rested I never,
Nor looke to doe, and eke the waky Nightes,
The banish'd Slep may in no wise recover.

By guyle and force, over my thrall'd Sprites,
He is Ruler, sins which Bell never strikes,
That I heare not as sounding to renue
My plaintes, himselfe he knoweth that I say true.

For never Woormes olde rotten Stocke have eaten,
As he my Harte, where he is resident,
And doth the same with Death dayly threaten,
Thence come the Teares, and thence the bitter Torment,
The Sighes, the Woordes, and eke the Languishment,
That noy doth me, and paraventure other,
Judge thou that knowest the one, and eke the other.

Mine Adversarie with such grevous Reproofe,
Thus he began. Heare Lady, t'other part,
That the plain thought, from which he draweth allofe,
This unkinde Man may shew, e'er that I part,
In his yong Age, I toke him from that Art,
That felleth Woods, and make a clattering Knight,
And of my Wealth I gave him the delight.

Now shames he not on me for to complaine,
That held him evermore in pleasaunt Gayne,
From his Desire, that might have been his Paine,
Yet therby alone I brought him to some frame,
Which now as Wretchednes he doth so blame,
And toward Honour quickned I his Wit,
Wheras a Dastard els he mought have sit.

He knoweth how great *Atride* that made *Troy* freat,
And *Hanniball* to *Rome* so troubelous,
Whom *Homer* honoured *Achilles* that great,
And th' *Affricane Scipion* the famous,
And many other, by much Honour glorious,
Whose Fame and *Aetes* did lift them up above,
I did let fall in base dishonest Love.

And unto him, though he unworthy were,
I chose the best of many a Million,
That under Sunne yet never was her pere
Of Wisdom, Womanhod, and of Discrecion,
And of my Grace I gave her such a Fashion,
And eke such Way I taught her for to teache,
That never base Thought his Harte so hie might reach.

Ever more thus to content his Maistresse,
That was his only frame of Honestie;
I stirred him still toward gentlenesse,
And caused him to regard Fidelitie.

Pacience I taught him in Adversitie,
Such Vertues learned he in my great Schole,
Wherof repenteth now the ignorant Foole.

These were the same Deceites, and bitter Gall
That I have used, the Torment and the Anger,
Sweeter then ever did to other fall.

Of right good Seede, ill Fruite loe thus I gather,
And so shall he that the unkind doth further,
A Serpent nourish I under my Wing,
And now of Nature ginneth he to sting.

And for to tell, at last, my great Service,
From thousand Dishonesties have I him drawn,
That, by my Meanes him in no maner wyse,
Never vile Pleasure once hath overthrowen,
Where in his Dede shame hath him alwaies gnawen,
Douting Report that should come to her Eare,
Whom now he blames her wonted he to feare.

What ever he hath of any honest Custome,
Of her, and me, that holdes he every whit,
But loe, yet never was there nightly Fantome
So farre in Errour, as is from his Wit,
To plaine on us, he striveth with the bit,
Which may rule him, and do him Ease and Paine,
And in one Hower make all his Griefe his Gayne.

Fol. XXVII.

But one Thing yet there is above all other,
I gave him Winges, wherwith he might up flye
To Honour and Fame, and if he woulde, to higher
Then mortall Things, above the starry Skye,
Considering the Pleasure that an Eye
Might geve in Earth, by reason of the Love;
What should that be that lasteth still above?

And he the same himselfe hath said e'er this,
But now, forgotten is, both that and I,
That gave him her his onely Welth and Blisse,
And at this Woord, with deadly shreke and crye
Thou gave her once (quod I) but by and by
Thou tooke her ayen from me, that Wo worth thee
Not I, but price, more worth than thou (quod he.)

At last eche other for himselfe concluded,
I trembling still, but he, with small Reverence,
Loe, thus as we eche other have accused,
Dere Lady, now we wayte thine onely Sentence,
She smiling, at the whistled Audience,
It liketh me, quod she, to have heard your Question,
But longer Time doth aske a Resolution,



The



The Lover's sorowfull State maketh him write sorowfull Songes, but such, his Love may change the same.

MArvell no more, altho'
The Songes I singe do mone,
For other Life then Woe
I never proved none.

And in my Harte also,
Is graven with Letters deepe,
A Thoufande Sighes, and mo,
A Flood of Teares to weepe.

How many a Man in smarte,
Find Matter to rejoyce:
How many a Morning Harte
Set forth a pleasant Voice:

Playe who so can that part,
Nedes must in me appere,
How Fortune overthwart
Doth cause my Morning chere.

Perdy there is no Man,
If he saw never fight,
That perfittly tell can,
The Nature of the light.

Alas! how shoulde I than,
That never tast but sowre,
But do as I began,
Continually to lowre,

But yet perchance some chaunce
May chaunce to change my Tune,
And when (such) chaunce doth chaunce
Than shall I thank Fortune.

And if I have (such) chaunce,
Perchance or it be long,
For (such) a pleasant chaunce,
To sing some pleasant Song.



The Lover complaineth himself forsaken.

WHERE shall I have at mine owne will,
 Tears to complaine? where shall I set
 Such Sighes, that I may sigh my fill,
 And then againe my plaintes repete?
 For though my plaint shall have none end,
 My Teares cannot suffise my Woe:
 To mone my Harme, have I no Frende,
 For Fortunes Frende is mishappes Foe.
 Comfort (God wot) els have I none,
 But in the Wind to waft my Woordes
 Nought moveth you my dedly mone,
 But still you turn it into boordes.
 I speake not how to move your Harte
 That you should rue upon my Paine,
 The Sentence geven may not revert,
 I know such Labour were but vaine.
 But sins that I for you (my dere)
 Have lost that Thing, that was my best,
 A right small Losse it must appere,
 To lese these Woordes, and all the rest.
 But though they sparkel in the Wind,
 Yet shall they shew your falsed Faith,
 Which is returned to his kinde,
 For like, to like, the Proverbe saith.
 Fortune, and you did me avaunce,
 Methought I swam, and could not drowne:
 Happiest of al but my mischaunce,
 Did lift me up to throw me downe.
 And you with ~~her~~, of cruelnesse,
 Did set your Foote upon my Necke,
 Me and my Welfare to oppresse,
 Without Offence your Harte to wrecke.
 Where are your pleasaunt Woordes? (alas!)
 Where is your Faith, your stedfastnesse?
 There is no more but all doth passe,
 And I am left all comfortlesse.
 But sins so much it doth you greve,
 And also me my wretched Lyfe,
 Have here my Trough nought shall relieve,
 But Death alone, my wretched Strife.

Fol. XXVIII.

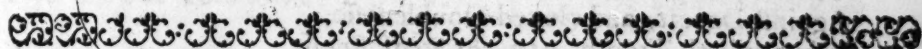
There-

Therefore farewell, my Life, my Death,
My Gayne, my Losse, my Salve, my Sore ;
Farewell also, with you my Breath,
For I am gone for evermore.



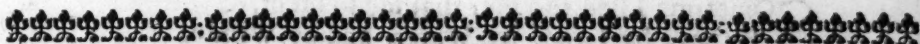
Of his Love that pricked her Finger with a Needle.

SHE fate and sowed that hath done me the wrong
Wherof I plain, and have done many a Day ;
And, whilst she heard my plaint in piteous Song,
She wisht my Harte the Sampler that it lay.
The blinde Maister, whom I have served so long
Grudging to heare, that he did heare her say,
Made her own Weapon do her Finger blede,
To fele, if pricking were so good indede.



Of the same.

WHAT Man hath hearde such Crueltie before,
That when my plaint remembred her my Woe,
That caused it, she cruell more and more,
Wished eche Stitch, as she did fit and sow,
Had prickt my Harte, for to encrease my sore ;
And as I thinke, she thought it had been so,
For as she thought, this is his Harte indede,
She pricked hard, and made her self to blede.



Request to Cupide for Revenge of his unkinde Love.

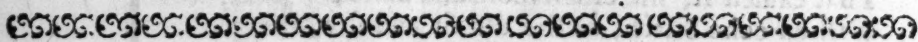
BEhold Love, thy Power, how she despiseth,
My grevous Paine, how little she regardeth
The solemne Oathe wherof she takes no cure,
Broken she hath, and yet she bydeth sure,
Right at her ease, and litle there she dredeth,
Weaponed thou art, and she unarmed sitteth
To thee disdainfull, all her Life she leadeth
To me spitefull, without just Cause or Measure :

Behold Love, how proudly she triumpheth;
 I am in hold, but if thee Pitie mevethe,
 Go, bend thy Bow, that stony Hartes breaketh,
 And with some stroke revenge the greate Displeasure
 Of thee, and him, that Sorow doth endure,
 And as his Lord thee lowly her entreateth.



Complaint for true Love unrequited.

WHAT vailleth Trough, or by it to take pain Fol. XXIX.
 To strive by Stedfastnes, for to attain
 How to be Just, and flee from doublenesse,
 Since al alike, where ruleth Craftinesse,
 Rewarded is, both crafty, false, and plain,
 Sonest he speedes, that most can lie, and faine,
 True meaning Harte is had in highe disdaine:
 Against Deceit, and cloked Doublenesse,
 What vailleth Trough, or perfit Stedfastnesse,
 Deceived is he, by false and crafty Train,
 That means no Guile, and faithfull doth remain
 Within the Trap, without Helpe or Redresse,
 But for to love, loe, such a sterne Maistresse,
 Where Crueltie dwelles, alas! it were in vain.



*The Lover that fled Love, now follows it with his
 Harme.*

Sometime I fled the Fier that me so brent,
 By Sea, by Land, by Water, and by Winde,
 And now the Coales I folow, that be quent,
 From Dover to Cales, with willing mind,
 Loe, how desire is both sprong, and spent,
 And he may see, that wilome was so blind,
 And all this Labour laughs he now to scorne,
 Meashed in the Briers that erst was onely torne.

The

The Lover hopeth of better Chaunce.

HE is not dead, that sometime had a fall,
The Sunne returns that hid was under Cloud,
And when Fortune hath spit out al her Gall,
I trust, good luck to me shall be allowed,
For I have sene a Ship in Haven fall,
After the Storme hath broke both Mast and Shrowd,
The Willow eke that stoupeth with the Winde,
Doth rise again, and greater Wood doth binde.

The Lover compareth his Harte to the over charged Gunne.

THE furious Gunne in his most ragyng Yre,
When that the Boule is rammed in too fore,
And that the Flame cannot part from the Fier,
Crackes in funder, and in the Air do rore
The shevered Peces: So doth my desire,
Whose Flame encreaseth, aye, from more to more,
Which to let out, I dare not loke, nor speke,
So inward force my Harte doth al to breake.

The Lover suspected of Change, praieth that it be not beleved against him.

ACcused, though I be, withoute desert,
Sith none can prove, believe it not for true,
For never yet, since that you had my Harte,
Intended I to false, or be untrue.
Sooner I would of Death sustain the smart,
Than breake one Woorde of that I promised you;
Accept therefore my Service in good part,
None is alive, that can yl tongues eschew.
Hold them as false, and let not us depart
Our Friendship old, in hope of any new,
Put not thy trust in such as use to faine,
Except thou mind to put thy frende to paine.



The Lover abused renounceth Love.

MY Love to scorne, my Service to retaine,
 Therin methought you used crueltie,
 Since with good will I lost my Libertie,
 Might never Woe yet cause me to refrayne,
 But onely this which is Extremitie,
 To geve me nought (alas!) nor to agree,
 That as I was your Man, I might remaine,
 But since that thus ye list to order me,
 That would have ben your Servant true and fast,
 Displease you not, my dotyng Time is past,
 And with my Losse to leave I must agree,
 For as there is a certaine Time to rage,
 So is there Time such Madnes to asswage.

Fol. XXX.



The Lover professeth himselfe constant.

Within my Brest I never thought it Gayne,
 Of gentil Minds the Fredome for to lose,
 Nor in my Harte sanke never such disdainne,
 To be a Forger, faultlesse for to disclose:
 Nor I cannot endure the Truth to glose,
 To set a Glose upon an earnest Paine;
 Nor I am not in number one of those,
 That list to blow retreat to every trayne.



*The Lover sendeth his Complaints and Tears to sue
 for Grace.*

PASSE forth my wounted Cries,
 Those cruel Eares to pearce;
 Which in most hateful wyse
 Do still my plaintes reverie.
 Do you, my Teares, also
 So wet her barain Harte,
 That Pitie there may growe,
 And Crueltie depart.

For though hard Rokes among
 She semes to have ben bred,
 And of the *Tygre* long
 Ben nourished and fed.
 Yet shall not Nature change,
 If Pitie once winne Place,
 Whom as unknown and strange
 She now away doth chase.

And as the Water soft,
 Without forcing or Strength,
 Where that it falleth oft,
 Hard Stones doth perce at length:
 So in her stony Harte
 My Plaintes at last shall grave,
 And Rigour set apart
 Winne graunt of that I crave.

Wherefore my Plaintes, present
 Still so to her my Suit,
 As ye through her assent
 May bring to me some Frute,
 And as she shall me prove
 So bid her me regarde,
 And render Love for Love,
 Which is a just Reward.



*The Lovers Case cannot be hidden how ever he
 dissemble.*

YOUR Lokes so often cast,
 Your Eyes so frendly rolde,
 Your Sight fixed so fast,
 Alwaies one to beholde:
 Though hide it faine ye woulde,
 It plainly doth declare,
 Who hath your Harte in hold,
 And where good Will ye bare.

Faine woulde ye find a Cloke,
 Your breunning Fier to hide,
 Yet both the Flame and Smoke,
 Breakes out on every side.
 Ye cannot Love so guide,
 That it no Issue winne,
 Abrode nedes must it glide
 That brennes so hotte within.

Fol. XXXI.

For cause your self do wink,
 Ye judge all other blinde,
 And secret it you think,
 Which every Man dothe finde.
 In wast oft spende ye Winde,
 Your selfe in Love to quit,
 For Agues of that kinde
 Will show who hath the Fit.

Your Sighes you fetch from farre
 And all to wry your Woe,
 Yet are ye ner the narre,
 Men are not blinded so.
 Depely oft swere ye no,
 But all those Oathes are vaine,
 So well your Eye doth shew,
 Who puttes your Harte to paine.

Think not therfore to hide,
 That still it selfe betraies,
 Nor seke Means to provide
 To darke the sunney Dayes.
 Forget those wonted Waves,
 Leave off such frowning chere,
 There will be found no Stayes,
 To stoppe a Thing so clere.



*The Lover praieth not to be disdained, refused, mi-
 strusted, nor forsaken.*

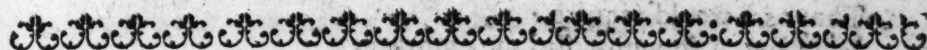
Disdaine me not without desert,
 Nor leave me not so sodenly,
 Since well ye wot, that in my Harte
 I meane ye not but honestly.

Refuse me not without Cause why,
 For think me not to be unjust,
 Since that by lott of Fantasie,
 This carefull Knot nedes knit I must.

Mistrust me not, though some there be,
 That faine woulde spot my stedfastnesse:
 Believe them not, sins that ye se,
 The Profe is not, as they expresse.

For sake me not, till I deserve,
 Nor hate me not, till I offende:
 Destroy me not, till that I swerve,
 But sins ye knowe what I entende,

Disdaine me not, that am your owne,
 Refuse me not, that am so true,
 Mistrust me not, tyll all be knownen,
 Forsake me not, now, for no new.



The Lover lamenteth his Estate with Sute for Grace.

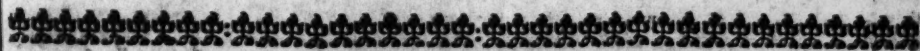
FOR want of Will in Wo I pleyne,
 Under colour of sobernesse,
 Renewing with my Sute my Paine,
 My wan hope with your stedfastnesse.
 Awake therfore of gentlenesse,
 Regard at length, I you require,
 My swelling Paines of my desire.

Betimes who geueth willingly,
 Redoubled Thankes aye doth deserve,
 And I that sue unfainedly,
 In fruitlesse Hope, alas! do serue.
 How great my Cause is for to swerue,
 And yet how stedfast is my Sute,
 Lo, her ye see, where is the Frute.

As Hounde that hath his Keper lost,
 Seke I your Presence to obtaine,
 In which my Harte deliteth most,
 And shal delight though I be slaine.
 You may release my Hand of Paine;
 Lose then the Care that makes me crye,
 For want of Helpe, or els I dye:

I dye, though not incontinent,
 By Proesse yet consumingly,
 As wast of Fire, which doth relent,
 If you as wilfull will deny.
 Wherefore cease of such Crueltie,
 And take me wholly in your Grace,
 Which lacketh Will to change his Place.

Fol. XXXIX



The Lover waileth his changed Joyes.

YF every Man might him avaut
 Of Fortunes frindly cheere,
 It was my selfe, I must it graunt,
 For I have bought it dere:

And derely have I held also,
The Glory of her Name,
In yielding her such Tribute, lo,
As did set forth her Fame.

Sometime I stode so in her Grace,
That as I would require,
Eche Joy, I thought, did me embrace,
That furered my desire ;
And all those Pleasures, lo, had I,
That Fantasie might support,
And nothing she did me deny,
That was unto my Comfort.

I had (what would you more perdy,)
Eche Grace that I did crave,
Thus Fortunes will was unto me
Al Thing that I would have ;
But al to rath, alas! the while
She built on such a Ground ;
In little space, to great a guile,
In her now have I found.

For she hath turned so her Whele,
That I unhappy Man,
May waile the Time that I did sele
Wherewith she fed me than ;
For broken now are her behestes,
And pleasant Looke she gave,
And therfore now all my Requestes,
From Peril cannot save.

Yet would I well it might appeare,
To her my chief Regard,
Though my Desertes have bene to deere
To merite such Reward,
Sins Fortunes will is now so bent,
To plague me thus, poor Man,
I must my selfe therewith content,
And beare it as I can.

~~~~~

*To his Love that hath geven him Answer of Refusal.*

THE Answer that ye made to me, my Deare,  
When I did sue for my poore Hartes redresse,  
Hath so appalde my Countenance and my cheere,  
That in this Case I am all comfortlesse,  
Sins I of Blame no cause can well expresse.



I have no Wrong, where I can claime no Right;  
Nought tane me fro, where I have nothing had,  
Yet of my Wo, I cannot so be quite,  
Namely, sins that another may be glad,  
With that, that thus in Sorow makes me sad.

Yet none can claime (I say) by former grant,  
That knoweth not of any graunt at all;  
And by desert, I dare well make avaunt,  
Of faithfull Will, there is no where that shal,  
Beare you more Trueth, more ready at your Call.

Now, good then, call againe that bitter Worde,  
That toucht your Frende so nere with pangues of Paine,  
And say, my Dere, that it was said in bord,  
Late, or to sone, let it not rule the gaine,  
Wherwith free will doth true desert retaine.



*To his Lady, cruell over her yelden Lover.*

SUCH is the Course that Natures kinde hath wroughte, *Fol. XXXIII.*  
That Snakes hath Time to cast away their Stinges,  
Against chain'd Prisoners what nede Defence be sought,  
The fierce Lion will hurt no yielding Thinges:  
Why should such Spight be nursed then by Thought?  
Sith al these Powers are prest under thy Winges,  
And eke thou seest, and Reason thee hath taught,  
What Mischief, Malice many waies it brings;  
Consider eke, that Spight availeth nought,  
Therefore this Song thy fault to thee it singes  
Displease thee not, for saying thus (me thought)  
Nor hate thou him from whom no hate foorth springs  
For Furies that in Hell be execrable,  
For that they hate, are made most miserable.



*The Lover complaineth that deadlie Sicknes cannot  
helpe his Affeccion.*

THE Enemy to Life, decaier of all kinde,  
That with his Colde withers away the Grene,  
This other Night me in my Bed did finde,  
And offred me to rid my Fever clene;  
And I did graunt, so did dispaire me blinde,  
He drew his Bowe with Arrowes sharp and kene,  
And strake the Place where Love had hit before,  
And drave the first Dart deeper more and more.



*The Lover rejoyceth the enjoying of his Love.*

**O**NCE as me thought, Fortune me kist,  
And bade me aske what I thought best,  
And I should have it as me list,  
Therewith to set my Harte in rest.

I asked but my Ladies Harte,  
To have for evermore mine owne;  
Then at an end were al my smart,  
Then should I nede no more to mone.

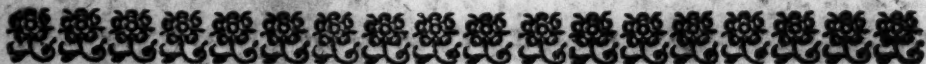
Yet for al that a stormye blast  
Had overturn'd this goodly nay:  
And Fortune semed at the last  
That to her Promise she saide nay.

But like as one out of dispaire,  
To sodeyne Hope revived I:  
New Fortune sheweth her self so faire,  
That I content me wonderfly.

My most desire, my Hand, mye reache,  
My Will is alway at my Hande,  
Me nede not long for to besече  
Her, that hath Power me to commaunde.

What earthly Thing more can I crave?  
What would I wish more at my will?  
Nothing on Earth more would I have,  
Save that I have, to have it still.

For Fortune now hath kept her Promesse,  
In graunting me my most desire,  
Of my Sovereigne I have redresse,  
And I content me with my hire.



*The Lover complaineth the unkindnes of his Love.*

**M**Y Lute awake, perfourme the last  
Labour that thou and I shall wast:  
And end that I have now begonne,  
And when this Song is song and past,  
My Lute be still, for I have done.

As to be heard where Care is none,  
As leade to Grave in Marble Stone,  
My Song may pearce her Harte as sone.

Should

Should we then sigh, or sing, or mone?

No, no, my Lute, for I have done.

The Rockes do not so cruelly  
Repulse the Waves continually,

As she my Sute and Affection;

So that I am past remedy

Whereby my Lute and I have done.

Proude of the Spoile that thou hast gotte,

Of simple Hartes through Loves shot,

By whom, unkind, thou hast them wonne,

Think not he hath his Bowe forgot,

Although my Lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain,

That makest but Game on earnest Paine;

Think not alone under the Sunne,

Unquit to cause thy Lover's plaine,

Although my Lute and I have done.

May chaunce thee lye withered and olde,

In Winter Nights that are so colde,

Plaining in vaine unto the mone,

Thy Wishe then dare not be tolde,

Care then who list, for I have done.

And then maye chaunce thee to repente

The Time that thou hast lost and spente,

To cause thy Lovers Sighe and Swowne,

Then shalt thou knowe Beauty but lent,

And wishe and want as I have done.

Now cease my Lute, this is the last

Labour that thou and I shall wast.

And ended is that we begonne,

Now is this Song both song and past,

My Lute be still, for I have done.

Fol. XXXIV.



*How by a Kisse he found bothe his Life and Death.*

NAture, that gave the Bee so feate a Grace,

To finde Honey of so wondrous a fashion,

Hath taught the Spider out of the same Place

To fetch Poyson by straunge alteration;

Though this be straunge, it is a straunger case,

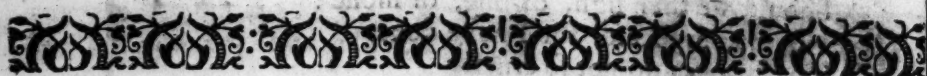
With one Kisse by secret Operacion,

Both these at once in those your Lips to finde,

In change whereof I leave my Harte behinde.

The





*The Lover describeth his being taken with sight of  
his Love.*

**U**Nwarely so was never no Man caught,  
With stedfast Looke upon a goodly Face,  
As I of late, for sodainly methought  
My Harte was torne out of his Place.

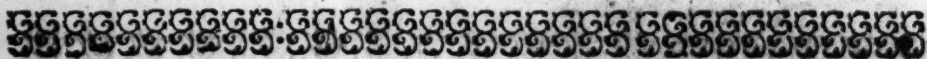
Thorow mine Eye the stroke from hers did slide  
And downe directly to my Harte it ranne,  
In helpe wherof the Bloud thereto did glide,  
And left my Face both pale and wanne.

Then was I like a Man for wo amazed,  
Or like the Foule that flieth into the Fire,  
For while that I upon her Beauty gased,  
The more I burnde in my desire.

Anone the Bloud start in my Face agayne,  
Inflamde with Heate, that it had at my Harte,  
And brought therewith throughout in every vaine,  
A quaking Heat with pleasant smart.

Than was I like the Straw, when that the flame,  
Is driven therin, by force and rage of Winde,  
I cannot tell, alas, what I shall blame,  
Nor what to seke, nor what to finde.

But well I wot, that Griefe doth holde me sore,  
In Heat and Colde, betwixt both Hope and dreade,  
That, but her helpe to Healthe do me restore,  
This restlessse Life I may not feade.



*To his Lover to looke upon him.*

**A**L in thy Looke my Life doth whole depend;  
Thou hidest thy self, and I must die therefore;  
But since thou maiest so easily helpe thy Frende,  
Why dost thou sticke to salve that thou made sore?  
Why doe I dye? since thou maiest me defend;  
And if I die, thy Life may last no more,  
For eche by other doth live and have Reliefe,  
I in thy Looke, and thou most in my Griefe.

*The Lover excuseth him of Wordes wherewith he was  
unjustlie charged.*

Fol. XXXV

**P**Erdy I sayde it not,  
Nor never thought to doe,  
As well as I ye wot  
I have no Power thereto.  
And if I did the Lot  
That first did me enchaine,  
May never flake the knot,  
But straite it to my paine.

And if I did eche Thing  
That may do harm or wo,  
Continually may wring  
My Harte where so I go.  
Report may alwaies ring  
Of Shame on me for aye,  
If in my Harte did spring  
The Wordes that you doe say.

And if I did, eche Starre  
That is in Heaven above,  
May frowne on me to marre  
The hope I have in Love,  
And if I did, such Warre  
As they brought unto Troy,  
Bring al my Life as farre  
From al his Lust and Joye.

And if I did so faye,  
The Beauty that me bounde,  
Encrease from Day to Day  
More cruel to my wounde,  
With al the Mone that may,  
To plaint may turne my Song,  
My Life maye sone decaye  
Without Redresse, by wrong.

If I be cleare from thought,  
Why do you then complayne?  
Then is this Thing but sought,  
To turne my Harte to paine.  
Then this that you have wrought,  
You must it now redresse,  
Of right therfore you ought  
Such Rigour to repress.

And

And as I have deserved,  
So graunt me now my hyre,  
You know I never swerved,  
You never found me lier.

For *Rachel* have I served,  
For *Lea* carde I never,  
And her I have reserved  
Within my Harte for ever.



*Of such as had forsaken him.*

**L**UX my faire *Faulcon*, and thy Fellowes al,  
How well pleasaunt it were your Libertie,  
Ye not forsake me, that faire mought you fall,  
But they that sometime liked my Company,  
Like *Lyce* away from dead Bodies they crall.  
Lo, what a Prooffe in light Adversitie,  
But ye my Birds, I sweare by all your Belles,  
Ye be my Frendes, and very fewe elles.



*A Description of such a one as he would Love.*

**A** Face that should content me wonderous well,  
Should not be faire, but lovely to beholde,  
Of lively Looke, al Griefe for to repell  
With right good Grace, so woulde I that it should,  
Speake without Worde, such Wordes as none can tell  
Her Tresse also should be of crisped Golde:  
With Wit, and these, perchaunce I might be tryde,  
And knit again with Knot that should not slide.



*How impossible it is to find Quietnes in Love.*

**E**VER my hap is slack and slow in comming,  
Desire encreasing, ay, my Hope uncertaine,  
With doubtfull Love, that but encreaseth Paine,  
For *Tiger* like, so swift it is in parting.

Fol. XXXVI,

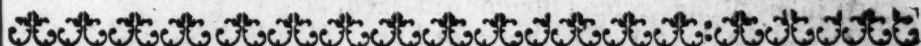


Alas! the Snow black, shall it be scalding,  
 The Sea waterlesse, and Fishe upon the Mountaine?  
 The Temmes shal back retourne into his Fountaine,  
 And where he rose, the Sunne shal take her Lodging,  
 E'er I, in this, finde Peace or Quietnesse,  
 Or that Love, or my Lady, right wisely  
 Leave to conspire against me wrongfully;  
 And if I have, after such bitternesse,  
 One drop of swete, my Mouth is out of taste,  
 That al my Trust and Travell is but waste.



*Of Love, Fortune, and the Lover's Mind.*

**L**OVE, Fortune, and my Mind, which do remember  
 Eke that is now, and that once hath bene,  
 Torment my Harte so sore, that very often  
 I hate and envy them beyond all measure.  
 Love fleeth my Harte, while Fortune is depriver  
 Of all my Comfort; the foolish Mind than  
 Burneth and plaineth, as one that very seldome  
 Liveth in rest; so still in Displeasure  
 My pleasaunt Dayes they flete and passe,  
 And daily doth mine yll change to the worse,  
 While more then halfe is runne now of my Course;  
 Alas! not of Steele, but of brittle Glasse,  
 I see, that from my Hand falleth my Trust,  
 And all my Thoughtes are dashed into Duffe.



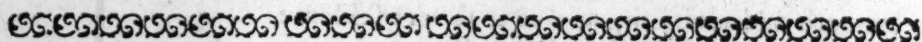
*The Lover prayeth his offered Harte to be received.*

**H**OW oft have I, my dere and cruell Foe,  
 With my great Paine to get som Peace or Truce,  
 Geven you my Harte? but you do not use,  
 In so high Things, to cast your Mind so low.  
 If any other loke for it, as you throw,  
 Their vaine, weke Hope, doth greatly them abuse,  
 And that thus I disdain, that you refuse,  
 It was once mine, it can no more be so;  
 If you it chaste, that it in you can finde,  
 In this Exile, no maner of Comfort,  
 Nor live alone, nor where he is calde resort;  
 He may wander from his natural kinde.  
 So shal it be great hurt unto us twaine,  
 And yours the Losse, and mine the deadly Paine.



*The Lover's Life compared to the Alpes.*

**L** I K E unto these unmeasurable Mountaines,  
 So is my painfull Life the Burden of yre,  
 For hye be they, and hye is my desire,  
 And I of Teares, and they be full of Fountaines,  
 Under craggy Rockes they have barren Plaines,  
 Hard Thoughtes in me my woful Mind doth tire,  
 Small Fruit, and many Leaves their Toppes do attire  
 With smal Effect great Trust in me remaines;  
 The boisterous Winds oft their hie Boughes do blast,  
 Hotte Sighes in me continually be shed,  
 Wilde Beastes in them, fierce Love in me is fed,  
 Unmoveable am I, and they stedfast.  
 Of singing Birdes they have the Tune and Note,  
 And I alwaies Plaines passing through my Throt.



*Charging of his Love as unpiteous, and loving other.*

**I** F amorous Faith, or if an Harte unfained,  
 A swete Langour, a great lovely Desire,  
 If honest Will kindled in gentle Fire,  
 If long Errour in a blind Mase chained,  
 If in my Visage eche Thought distained,  
 Or my speaking Voice, lower or hyer,  
 Which feare and shame, so wofully doth tyre,  
 If pale colour, which Love, alas, hath stained,  
 If to have another then my self more dere,  
 If wailing or sighing continually,  
 With sorowful Anger feding busily,  
 If burning farre of, and if frising nere,  
 Are cause that I by Love my self destroy,  
 Yours is the Fault, and mine the great Annoy.

Fol. XXXVII.



*A Renouncing of Love.*

**F** Arewell Love, and all thy Lawes for ever,  
 Thy baited Hookes shal tangle me no more;  
 Senec and Plato call me from thy Love,  
 To passit Welth, my Wit for to endever.

In blinde Errour, when I did persever,  
 Thy sharp Repulse that pricketh ay so fore,  
 Taught me in Trifles that I set no store,  
 But scape forth thence, since Libertie is lieffer.  
 Therefore, farewell, go trouble yonger Hartes,  
 And in Time claime, no more Authority;  
 With ydle Youth go use thy Property,  
 And theron spend thy many brittle Dartes,  
 For hitherto, though I have lost my Time,  
 Me list no longer rotten Bowes to clime.



*The Lover forsaketh his unkynde Love.*

**M**Y Harte I gave thee not to do it paine,  
 But to preserve, lo, it to thee was taken,  
 I served thee not that I should be forsaken,  
 But that I should receive Rewarde againe,  
 I was content thy Servant to remaine.  
 And not to be repayed on this Fashion.  
 Now, since in thee there is none other Reason,  
 Displease thee not, if that I doe refraine,  
 Unfaciat of my Wo, and thy Desire,  
 Assured by Craft, for to excuse thy Fault,  
 But, since it pleaseth thee to faine default,  
 Farewell, I say, departing from the Fire,  
 For he that doth beleve bearing in Hand,  
 Ploweth in the Water, and soweth in the Sand.



*The Lover describeth his restlesse State.*

**T**HE flaming Sighes that boyle within my Brest,  
 Sometime breake forth, and they can well declare  
 The Hartes unrest, and how that he doth feare  
 The Paine therof, the Grief, and all the rest.  
 The shattered Eyen, from whence the Teares do fall,  
 Do fele some Force, or els they would be dry,  
 The wasted Fleshe of colour ded, can try,  
 And sometime tell, what Swetenesse in the Gall.  
 And he that lust to see, and to discearne,  
 How Care can sore within a weried Mind,  
 Come he to me, I am that Place assynde,  
 But for all this, no Force it doth ne harme,



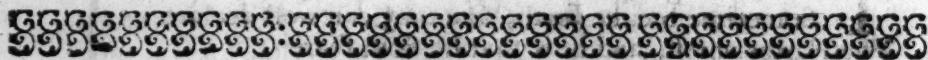
The Wound, alas! happe in some other Place,  
 From whence no Toole away the Skarre can race.  
 But you which of such like have had your part,  
 Can best be judge. Wherfore my Frende so dere,  
 I thought it good my State should now appere  
 To you, and that there is no great Defart.  
 And whereas you in weighty Matters great,  
 Of Fortune, saw the Shadow that you know,  
 For trifling Thinges I now am stricken so,  
 That though I fele my Harte dorch wound and beat,  
 I sit alone, save on the second Day,  
 My Fever comes, with whome I spende my Time  
 In burning Heat, while that she list assigne.  
 And who hath Helth and Liberty alway,  
 Let him thank God, and let him not provoke  
 To have the like of this my painfull Stroke.



*The Lover laments the Death of his Love.*

**T**HE Piller perisht is whereto I lent,  
 The strongest stay of mine unquier Mind.  
 The like of it no Man again can finde  
 From East to West still seeking though he went,  
 To mine unhappe, for happe away hath rent,  
 Of all my Joy the very Barke and Rinde,  
 And I (alas!) by chaunce am thus assind,  
 Daily to morne till Death do it relent.  
 But since that thus it is by Desteny,  
 What can I more but have a wofull Harte,  
 My Penne in Plaint, my Voice in carefull Cry,  
 My Mind in Wo, my Body full of Smart,  
 And I my selfe, my selfe alwaies to hate,  
 Tyl dreadfull Death do ease my dolefull State.

Fol. XXXVIII.



*The Lover sendeth Sighes to mone his Suite.*

**G**O, burning Sighes, unto the frozen Harte,  
 Go break the Ice, which Pities painful Dart  
 Might never pearce, and if that mostall Prayer  
 In Heaven be heard, at least, I yet desire,  
 That Death or Mercy end my wofull smart.  
 Take with the Paine, wherof I have my part,  
 And eke the Flame from which I cannot starte :

And

And leave me then in rest, I you require,  
Go, burning Sighes, fulfil that I desire.  
I must go worcke, I see my Craft and Art,  
For Truth and Faith in her is layde aparte,  
Alas ! I cannot therfore now assaile her,  
With pitiful Complaint, and scalding Fier,  
That from my Brest disceivably doth start.



*Complaint of the Absence of his Lover.*

SO feble is the Threde, that doth the Burden stay,  
Of my poore Life in heavy plight, that falleth in Decay,  
That, but it have elsewhere some Ayde or some Succour,  
The running Spindle of my Fate anone shal ende his Course.  
For since th unhappie Hower, that did me to departe,  
From my swete Weale, one onely Hope hath staied my Life aparte,  
Which doth perswade such Words unto my soled Minde,  
Maintain thy self, O wofull Wight, some better Luck to finde,  
For though thou be deprived from thy desired Sight,  
Who can thee tell, if thy Returne be for thy more Delight ?  
Or who can tell thy Losse, if thou mayest once recover ?  
So pleasaunt Howre thy Wo may wrap, and thee defend, and cover.  
Thus in this Trust, as yet it hath my Life sustained;  
But now, (alas!) I see it faint, and I, by Trust am trayned.  
The Time doth flete, and I see how the Howres do bende  
So fast, that I have scant the space to marke my comming Ende.  
Westward the Sunne from out the East scant shewes his Lighte,  
When in the West he hies him straight, within the darke of Night.  
And comes as fast, where he began his Pathe awry,  
From East to West, from West to East, so doth his Journey lye.  
The Life so short, so fraile, that mortal Men live here,  
So great a Weight, so heavy Charge, the Bodies that we bere,  
That when I think upon the Distaunce and the Space,  
That doth so faire divide me from my dere desired Face,  
I know not how t' attaine the Winges that I require,  
To lift me up, that I might flye, to follow my Desire.  
Thus of that Hope, that doth my Life some Thinge sustaine,  
Alas ! I feare, and partly feelee, full little doth remaine.  
Eche Place doth bring me Griefe where I do not behold  
Those lively Eyes, which of my Thoughts were wont the Keis to holde.  
Those Thoughts were pleasaunt, swete, whilst I enjoyed that Grace,  
My Pleasure past my present Paine, when I might well embrace.  
And, for because my Want should more my Wo encrease,  
In Watch and Slepe, both Day and Night, my Will doth never cease,  
That Thinge to wishe, wherof since I did lose the sight,  
Was never Thinge that mought in oughte my wofull Harte delight.

Th

Th' uneasy Life I lead, doth teach me for to mete  
 The Flouds, the Seas, the Land, the Hills that dothe them entermete  
 Twene me, and those shene Lightes, that wonted for to clere  
 My darked Pangs of cloudye Thoughts, as bright as *Phebus* Sphere.  
 It teacheth me also what was my pleasaunt State,  
 The more to feele, by such Record, how that my Welth doth bate.  
 If such Record (alas!) provoke th'enflamed Mind,  
 Which sprong that Day, that I did leue the best of me behinde.  
 If Love forgeat himselfe, by length of Absence let,  
 Who doth me guide (O wofull Wretch!) unto his bayted Net?  
 Where doth encrease my Care; much better were for me,  
 As dumme as Stone, al Thinge forgot still absent for to be.  
 Alas! the clere Christall, the bright transplendant Glasse,  
 Doth not bewraye the Colours hid, which underneth it hase: *Fol.*  
 As doth th'accumbred Sprite the thoughtfull Throwes discover, XXXIX.  
 Of Teares delite, of fervent Love, that in our Hartes we cover,  
 Out by these Eyes, it sheweth that evermore delight,  
 In Plaint and Teares to seeke Redresse, and eke both Day and Nighte  
 Those kinds of Pleasures most wherin Men so rejoyce,  
 To me they do redouble still of stormy Sighes the Voyce.  
 For I am one of them, whom Plaint doth well content,  
 It fits me well, my absent Welth me femes for to lament.  
 And with my Teares, t'assay to charge mine Eyes twayne,  
 Like as my Harte above the brinke is fraughted full of Paine.  
 And for because thereto, that these faire Eyes do treat,  
 Do me provoke, I will returne, my Plaint thus to repeate.  
 For there is nothing els, so toucheth me within,  
 Where they rule all, and I alone nought but the Case or Skyn.  
 Wherefore I shall return to them, as Well, or Spring,  
 From whom descendes my mortal Wo above al other Thing.  
 So shal mine Eyes in Paine accompany my Harte,  
 That were the Guides, that did it leade of Love to feele the Smart.  
 The crisped Gold, that doth surmount *Apollo's* Pride,  
 The lively Streames of pleasaunt Starres that under it doth glyde,  
 Wherein the Beames of Love do still encrease their Heate,  
 Which yet so farre touche me to nere, in colde to make me sweate.  
 The wise and pleasaunt Talke so rare, or els alone,  
 That gave to me the curteys Gift, that erst had never none.  
 Be farre from me, alas! and every other Thing,  
 I might forbear with better will than this that did me bring,  
 With pleasaunt Woord and Chere, redresse of lingred Paine,  
 And wonted oft in kindled Will to Vertue me to traine.  
 Thus am I forst to heare, and harken after Newes,  
 My Comfort scant, my large Desire in doubtful Trust renewes.  
 And yet with more Delite to mone my woful Case,  
 I must complain those Hands, these Armes that firmelye do embrace,  
 Me from my selfe, and rule the Sterne of my poore Life,  
 The sweete Dissaines, the pleasaunt Wraths, and eke the lovely Strife,

That



That wonted well to tune in Temper just and mete,  
 The Rage, that oft did make me erre, by Furour undiscere,  
 All this is hid from me, with sharp and ragged Hilles,  
 At others Will my longe abode, my depe Dispaire fulfille.  
 And of my Hope sometime rise up, by some Redresse,  
 It stumblenth streite, for feable faint, my Feare hath such excesse.  
 Such is the sort of Hope, the lesse for more Desire,  
 And yet I trust e'er that I die, to see that I require.  
 The resting Place of Love, where Vertue dwells and growes,  
 There I desire my very Life, sometime may take Repose.  
 My Song, thou shalt attaine, to finde the pleasaunt Place  
 Where she doth live, by whom I live, may chaunce to have this Grace.  
 When she hath read, and sene the Griefe, wherin I serve,  
 Betwene her Brestes she shal thee put, there shal she thee reserve.  
 Then tell her, that I come, she shal me shortly see,  
 And if for waight the Body faile, the Soule shal to her flee.



*The Lover blameth his Love for renting of the  
 Letter he sent her.*

Sufficed not (Madame) that you did teare,  
 My woful Harte, but this also to rent,  
 The weeping Paper that to you I sente,  
 Wherof eche Letter was written with a Teare?  
 Could not my present Paines (alas!) suffice  
 Your greedy Harte? and that my Harte doth feele  
 Torments that prick more sharper then the Steele,  
 But new and new must to my Lot arise?  
 Use then my Death, so shal your Cruelties,  
 Spite of your Spite, rid me from al my Smart,  
 And I no more such Tormentes of the Harte  
 Feele as I do, this shal I gaine therby,



*The Lover curseth the Time when first he fell in Love.*

WHEN first mine Eies did viewe and marke,  
 Thy faire Beauty to beholde;  
 And when my Eares listned to hark  
 The pleasant Wordes that thou me tolde,  
 I would as then I had bene free,  
 From Eares to heare, and Eyes to see.

And when my Lippes gan first to move,  
 Werby my Harte to thee was knowne ;  
 And when my Tong did talk of Love,  
 To thee that hast true Love down throwne,  
 I would my Lippes and Tong also,  
 Had then ben doume, no deale to go,  
 And when my Hands have handled ought,  
 That thee hath kept in Memory;  
 And when my Feet have gone and sought,  
 To finde and get thy Company,  
 I would eche Hand a Foot had bene,  
 And I eche Foot a Hand had seene ;  
 And when in Mind I did consent,  
 To follow this my Fancies will ;  
 And when my Harte did first relent,  
 To taste such Bayte my Life to spill,  
 I would my Harte had bene as thine,  
 Or els thy Harte had bene as mine.

Fol. XL.



*The Lover determineth to serve faithfully.*

SINCE Love will nedes, that I shall love,  
 Of very Force I must agree,  
 And since no Chaunce may it remove,  
 In Welth and in Adversitie,  
 I shall alway my selfe applie,  
 To serve and suffer patiently.

Though for good Will I finde but Hate,  
 And cruelly my Life to waste,  
 And though that still a wretched State,  
 Should pine my Daies unto the last,  
 Yet I professe it willingly,  
 To serve and suffer patiently.

For since my Harte is bound to serve,  
 And I not Ruler of my owne,  
 What so befall, till that I sterve,  
 By Proof full well it shal be knowne,  
 That I shal still my selfe applye  
 To serve and suffer patiently.

Yet, though my Griefe finde no Redresse,  
 But still encrease before mine Eies,  
 Though my Reward be Cruelnesse,  
 With all the Harme, happe can devise,  
 Yet I professe it willingly,  
 To serve and suffer patiently.

Yea,

Yea, though Fortun her pleasaunt Face  
Should shew to set me up a losse,  
And straight my Welth for to deface,  
Should writhe away, as she doth oft,  
Yet would I stil my selfe applie  
To serve and suffer patiently.

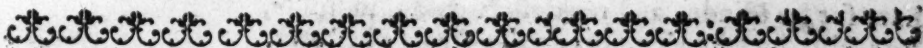
Ther is no Grief, no Smart, no Wo,  
That yet I feele, or after shal,  
That from this Mind may make me go ;  
And whatsoever me befall,  
I doe professe it willingly,  
To serve and suffer patiently.



*The Lover suspected, blameth ill Tonges.*

**M**istrustful Minds be moved  
To have me in suspect ;  
The Trough it shal be proved,  
Which Time shal once detect.  
Though Falsshed go about,  
Of Crime me to accuse,  
At length I do not dout,  
But Truth shal me excuse.

Such Sauce as they have served,  
To me without desert ;  
Even as they have deserved,  
Therof God send them part.



*The Lover complaineth, and his Lady comforteth.*

Lover, **I**T burneth, yet, alas ! my Hartes desire,  
Ladye, What is the Thing that hath enflamed thy Harte ?

Lover, A certaine Point, as fervent as the Fier,

Ladye, The Heat shal cease, if that thou wilt convert,

Lover, I cannot stop the fervent raging Yre.

Ladye, What may I do, if thy self cause thy Smart ?

Fol. XLI.

Lover, Heare my Request, and rew my weping Chere,

Ladye, With right good Will say on, lo, I thee hear.

Lover, That Thing would I, that maketh to content.

Ladye, Thou sekest, perchance of me, that I may not.

Lover, Would God, thou wouldest, as thou maist, well assent,

Ladye, That I may not thee Griefe, is mine, God wor,

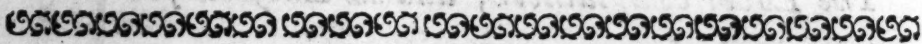


Lover, But I it feele, what so thy Wordes have ment,  
 Ladye, Suspect me not, my Wordes be not forgot.  
 Lover, Then say, alas! shal I have helpe or no,  
 Ladye, I see no Time to aunswer yea, but no.  
 Lover, Say yea, dere Harte, and stand no more in dout,  
 Ladye, I may not grant a Thing that is so dere.  
 Lover, Lo, with delayes thou drivest me still about ;  
 Ladye, Thou wouldest my Death it plainly doth appere ;  
 Lover, First, may my Harte his Blood, and Life blede out,  
 Ladye, Then for my sake, alas! thy Will forbear.  
 Lover, From Day to Day, thus wasteth my Life away,  
 Ladye, Yet for the best suffer some small delay.  
 Lover, Now good, say yea, do once so good a dede,  
 Ladye, If I said yea, what should thereof ensue ?  
 Lover, An Harte in Paine, of Succour so should spede,  
 Twixt yea and nay my dout shal still renew.  
 My Swete, say yea, and do away this dreade.  
 Ladye, Thou wilt nedes so, be it so, but then be trewe,  
 Lover, Nought would I els, nor other Treasure none,  
 Thus Hartes be woone by Love, request and mone.



### *Why Love is blinde.*

**O**F purpose, Love chose first for to be Blinde,  
 For he with sight of that, that I beholde,  
 Vanquishd had ben, against all godly kinde,  
 His Bow your Hand, and Trusse should have unfold.  
 And he with me to serve had ben affinde,  
 But, for he blinde, and recklesse would him holde,  
 And still, by Chaunce, his dredly Strokes bestowe,  
 With such as see, I serve and suffer Wo.



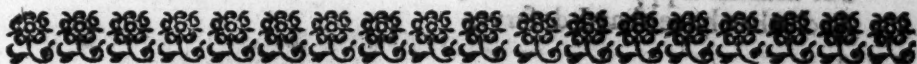
### *To his unkind Love.*

**W**HAT Rage is this? What Furour? Of what Kinde?  
 What Power? What Plague doth wery thus my Minde?  
 Within my Bones to rankle is affinde,  
 What Poison pleasaunt swete?  
 Lo, see mine Eyes flow with continual Teares,  
 The Body still away sleepleffe it weares,  
 My Foode nothing, my fainting Strength repaires,  
 Nor doth my Limmes sustaine.  
 In depe wide Wound, the dedly Stroke doth turne  
 To curelesse Skarre that never shal returne:

Go to, Triumph, Rejoice, the goodly turne,  
Thy Frende thou doest oppresse.

Oppresse thou doest, and hast of him no Cure;  
Nor yet my Plaint no Pitie can procure:  
Fierce *Tyger* fell, hard *Rocke* without recure,  
Cruell *Rebell* to Love.

Once may thou love, never beloved againe,  
So love thou still, and not thy Love obtaine;  
So wrathfull Love, with spites of just Disdaine,  
May threat thy cruell Harte.



*The Lover blameth his instant Desire.*

**D**Esyre (alas!) my Maister, and my Foe,  
So sore altered thy self, how maist thou see;  
Sometime thou seekest, and drivest me to and fro,  
Sometime thou leadeest, that leadeth thee and me;  
What Reason is to rule thy Subjectes so,  
By forced Law, and mutabilitie?  
For where by thee I doubted to have blame,  
Euen now by hate againe I doubt the same.



*The Lover complaineth his Estate.*

**I** See that Chaunce hath chosen me,  
Thus secretly to live in Paine,  
And to another given thee free,  
Of al my Losse to have the gayne.  
By Chaunce assinde thus do I serve,  
And other have that I deserve.

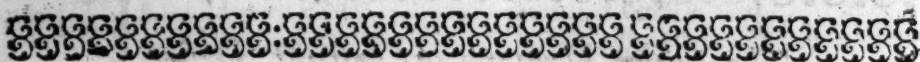
Fol. XLII.

Unto my selfe some Tyme alone,  
I do lament my woful Case,  
But what avaieth me to mone,  
Since Trough and Pitie hath no Place  
In them, to whom I sue and serve,  
And other have that I deserve.

To seke by meane to change this Mind,  
Alas! I prove it will not be,  
For in my Harte I cannot finde,  
Once to refrayne, but still agree;  
As bound by Force alway to serve,  
And other have that I deserve.

Such is the Fortune that I have,  
To love them most that love me left;  
And to my Payne to seek and crave,  
The Thing that other have possest.  
So thus in vayne alway I serve,  
And other have that I deserve.

And till I may appease the Heate,  
If that my happe will happe so well,  
To wayle my Wo my Harte shal freate,  
Whose pensif Paine my Tong can tell;  
Yet thus unhappy must I serve,  
And other have that I deserve.



*Of his Love called Anna.*

**W**HAT Word is that, that changeth not,  
Though it be turned, and made in twaine;  
It is myne *Anna*, God it wote,  
The onely caufer of my Paine.  
My Love that medeth with Disdaine.  
Yet is it loved, what will you more?  
It is my Salve, and eke my Sore.



*That Pleasure is mixed with every Paine.*

**V**enemous Thornes that are so sharpe and kyne,  
Beare Flowers we see, full fresh and faire of hue;  
Poyson is also put in Medicine,  
And unto Man his Health doth oft renue,  
The Fier that all Things eke consumeth clene,  
May hurt and heale, then if that this be true,  
I trust sometime my Harme may be my Health,  
Sins every Wo is joyned with some Wealth.



*A Riddle of a Gift geuen by a Ladie.*

**A** Ladie gave me a Gift she had not,  
 And I received her Gift which I toke not;  
 She gave it me willingly, and yet she would not,  
 And I received it, albeit, I could not;  
 If she geue it me I force not;  
 And if she take it againe she cares not,  
 Conster what this is, and tell not,  
 For I am fast swoine I may not.

*That speaking or profering bringes alway speding.*

**S**peake thou, and spede, where Will or Power ought helpeth;  
 Where Power doth want, Will must be wonne by Welth.  
 For Nede will spede, where Will woorkes not his kinde,  
 And gayne thy Foes, thy Frendes shall cause thee fynd;  
 For Suite and Golde, what do not they obtayne?  
 Of good and bad the Triers are these twayne.

*He ruleth not, though he Reigne over Realmes that  
 is subject to his owne Lustes.*

**I**F thou wilt mighty be, flee from the Rage  
 of cruell Will, and see thou keepe thee free  
 From the foule Yoke of sensuall Bondage;  
 For though thine Empire stretch to Indian Sea,  
 And for thy Feare trembleth the fardest Thule,  
 If thy Desyre have over thee the Power,  
 Subject then, art thou, and no Governour.

Fol. XLIII.

If to be Noble and High thy Mind be moved,  
 Consider well thy Grounde, and thy Beginning,  
 For he that hath eche Starre in Heaven fixed,  
 And geues the Moone her Hornes and her eclipsing,  
 A lyke hath made the Noble in his working,  
 So that wretched, no way, may thou be,  
 Except foule Lust and Vice do conquer thee.

Al were it so, thou had a Flood of Golde,  
 Unto thy Thirst, yet should it not suffice;  
 And though with *Indian Stones* a Thousand folde,  
 More precious then can thy selfe devise,  
 Ycharged were thy Backe, thy covetise,  
 And busy byting yet should never let,  
 Thy wretched Lyfe, ne do thy Death profet.



*Whether Libertie by losse of Life, or Life in Prison  
 and Thraldome, be to be preferred.*

**L**YKE as the Byrde within the Cage enclosed,  
 The Dore unparred, her Foe, the Hawke without,  
 Twixt Death and Prison piteously oppressed,  
 Whether for to chuse standeth in dout;  
 Lo, so do I, which seke to bring about,  
 Which should be best by Determinacion,  
 By losse of Life, Libertie, or Life by Prison.

O Myschief! by Mischief to be redressed,  
 Where Paine is best, there lyeth but little Pleasure.  
 By short Death better to be delivered,  
 Then byde in painfull Life, Thraldome and Dolour.  
 Small is the Pleasure where much Paine we suffer,  
 Rather therfore to chuse, me thinketh Wisdome,  
 By losse of Life, Libertie, then Life by Prison.

And yet, methinkes, although I live and suffer,  
 I do but wayte a Time and Fortunes chaunce;  
 Oft many Things do happen in one Hower,  
 That which oppress me now may me advance;  
 In Time is trust, which by Deathes Grevance  
 Is wholly lost; then were it not Reason?  
 By Death to chuse Libertie, and not Life by Prison.

But Death, were Deliverance, where Life lengthens Paine,  
 Of these two Ills, let see now chuse the best,  
 This Bird to deliver that here doth playne;  
 What say ye Lovers, which shal be the best,  
 In Cage Thraldome, or by the Hawke Opprest?  
 And which to chuse make playne Conclusion,  
 By losse of Life, Libertie, or Life by Prison.

*Againe*



*Against Houlders of Money.*

FOR shamefast Harme of great and hateful Nede,  
In depe Dispayre, as dyd a Wretch go,  
With redy Corde, out of his Life to spede,  
His stumbling Foote did fynde an Hoorde, lo  
Of Golde, I say, where he prepared this Dede,  
And in exchange he left the Corde, tho'  
He that had hid the Golde, and founde it not,  
Of that he found he shap'd his Necke a Knot.



*Description of a Gunne.*

VULcane begat me, *Minerva* me taught,  
Nature my Mother, Craft nourish'd me Yere by Yere,  
Three Bodies are my Foode, my Strength is in naught,  
Anger, Wrath, Waste, and Noyse, are my Children dere;  
Gesse Frende what I am, and how I am wraught,  
Monster of Sea, or of Lande, or of elsewhere;  
Know me, and use me, and I may the defend,  
And if I be thine Enemie, I may thy Life ende.



*Wiate being in Prison, to Brian.*

SYghes are my Foode, my Drinke are my Teares,  
Clinking of Fetters would such Musike crave,  
Stinke, and close Ayre, away my Life it weare,  
Poore Innocence is all the Hope I have.  
Raine, Wynd, or Weather, judge I by mine Eares;  
Malice assaults that Righteousness should have.  
Sure am I, *Brian*, this Wound shal heal againe,  
But yet, alas! the Skarre shal still remaine.

Fol. XLIV.





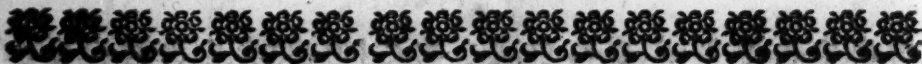
*Of dissembling Wordes.*

**T**Hroughout the World, if it were sought,  
 Fayre Wordes ynough a Man shal fynde,  
 They bee good chepe, they cost right nought,  
 Their Subtance is but onely wynde;  
 But well to say, and so to meane,  
 That swete Accord is seldome sene.



*Of the Meane and sure Estate.*

**S**Tand who so list upon the slipper Wheele,  
 Of high Estate, and let me here rejoyce,  
 And use my Life in quietnesse eche dele,  
 Unknownen in Court, that hath the wanton Joyes,  
 In hidden Place my Time shal slowly passe;  
 And when my Yeres be past withouten Noyse,  
 Let me dye olde, after the common trace,  
 For Grypes of Death doth he too yarely passe,  
 That knowne is to all, but to himselfe, alas!  
 He dieth unknowne, dased with dreadfull Face.



*The Courtiers Life.*

**I**N Court to serve, decked with freshe Arraye,  
 Of sugred Meates, feling the swete Repast,  
 The Life in Bankets, and sundry kindes of Playe,  
 Amyd the presse of wordly Lookes to waste,  
 Hath with it joyned oft Times such bitter Tasse,  
 That who so joyes such kinde of Life to holde  
 In Prison, Joyes fetred with Chaines of Golde,

*Of disappointed Purpose by Negligence.*

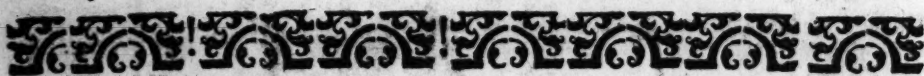
**O**F *Carthage*, he that worthy Warriour  
 Could overcome, but could not use his Chance ;  
 And I likewyse of all my long endeavour,  
 The sharpe Conquest, though Fortune did avance  
 Ne could I use. The Holde that is geven over,  
 I unpossesse, so hangeth now in Balance ;  
 Of Warre, my Peace, Rewarde of all my Payne,  
 At *Mountxon* thus I restlesse rest in *Spaine*.

*Of his Returne from Spaine.*

**T**AGUS farewell, that Westward with thy Stremes,  
 Turns up the Graines of Gold already tried ;  
 For I with Spurre and Saile, go seke the *Temmes*,  
 Gaynward the Sunne that sheweth her welthy pryd,  
 And to the Towne that *Brutus* fought by Dreams ;  
 Lyke bended Moone that leaves her lusty Syde,  
 My King, my Countrey, I seke for, whom I live,  
 O mighty *Jove* ! the Wyndes for this me geve.

*Of sodaine Trusting.*

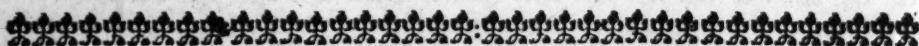
**D**RIVEN by Desire, I did this Dede,  
 To daunger my selfe without Cause why,  
 To trust th'untrue not lyke to spede,  
 To Speak and Promise faithfully ;  
 But now the Prooffe doth verifly,  
 That who so trusteth, e'er he know,  
 Doth hurt himselfe and please his Foe.



*Of the Mother that eat her Childe at the Siege of  
Jerusalem.*

**I**N doubtfull Brest whyles motherly pitty,  
With furious Famine standeth at Debate ;  
The Mother saith, O! Childe unhapy,  
Returne thy Blood wher thou hadst Mylke of late ;  
Yeld me those Limmes that I made unto thee,  
And enter there where thou wert generate ;  
For of one Bodie, against all Nature,  
To an other must I make Sepulture.

*Fol. XLV.*



*Of the meane and sure Estate.  
Written to John Paines.*

**M**Y Mother's Maides, when they do Sow and Spinne,  
They sing a Song made of the Fieldish Mowse,  
That for because her livedod was but thinne,  
Would needes go see her Townish Sister's House.  
She thought her selfe endur'd to grievous Payne,  
The stormy Blastes her Cave so fore did soule,  
That when the Furrous swimm'd with the Rayne,  
She must lye colde, and wet in sory plight ;  
And worse then that, bare Meate there did remaine,  
To comfort her, when she her House had dight,  
Sometime a Barley Corne, sometime a Beane,  
For which she laboured hard both Day and Night,  
In Harvest Tyme, whyle she might go and gleane.  
And when her Store was stroyed with the Floode,  
Then, wel away ! for she undone was clene ;  
Then was she faine to take in stede of Foode,  
Slepe, if she might, her Hunger to begyle ;  
My Sister, quod she, hath a living good,  
And hence from me she dwelleth not a Myle:  
In Colde and Storme she lyeth warme and drye  
In Bed of Downe ; the Durt doth not defyle  
Her tender Foote, she labours not as I ;  
Richely she fedes, and at the riche Mannes cost,  
And for her Meate she nedes not crave nor cry.



By Sea, by Lande, of Delicates the most,  
 Her Cater seketh, and spareth for no perell;  
 She fedes on boyld Meate, bake Meate, and on rost,  
 And hath therfore no whit of Charge nor Travell.  
 And when she list, the Licoure of the Grape  
 Doth glad her Harte, till that her Bely swell.  
 And at this Journey makes she but a jape,  
 So forth she goes, trusting of all this Wealth,  
 With her Sister her part so for to shape,  
 That if she might ther kepe her selfe in Health,  
 To live a Lady while her Life doth last.  
 And to the Dore now is she come by stealth,  
 And with her Foote anone she scrapes ful fast;  
 Th'other for feare, durst not well scarce appeare,  
 Of every Noyse so was the Wretch agast.  
 At last she asked softly, Who was there?  
 And in her Language, as well as she could,  
 Pepe (quod the other) Sister, I am here.  
 Peace (quod the Towne Mouse) why speakest thou so loude,  
 And by the Hande she tooke her faire and well;  
 Welcome, quod she, my Sister, by the Roode.  
 She fested her, that Joy it was to tell  
 The feare they had, they dranke the Wyne so clere,  
 And as to purpose now and then it fell,  
 She chered her, with, how, Sister, what chere?  
 Amid this Joy befell a sory Chaunce,  
 That, well away! the Straunger bought full dere,  
 The feare she had, for as she lookte askance,  
 Under a Stole she spied two stemming Eyes,  
 In a rounde Heade, with sharpe Eares. In France  
 Was never Mause so ferde, for the unwyse,  
 Had not yfene such a Beast before;  
 Yet Nature taught her after her guyse,  
 To know her Foe, and dread him evermore.  
 The Towne Mause fled, she knew whether to go,  
 The other had no shift, but wonders fore,  
 Ferde of her Life, at Home she wisht her tho',  
 And to the Dore, alas! as she did skippe,  
 The Heaven it would, lo, and eke her chaunce was so,  
 At the Thresholde her sely Foote did trippe,  
 And e'er she might recover it againe,  
 The Traitour Cat had caught her by the Hyppe,  
 And made her there against her Will remayne,  
 That had forgot her poore Suretie, and Rest,  
 For seeking Welth wherin she thought to raygne.  
 Alas; (my *Poines*) how Men do seke the best,  
 And finde the worse, by Errour as they straye,  
 And no marvell, when Sight is so opprest,

Fol. XLVI.

And blindes the Guide, anone out of the Way  
 Goeth Guide and all, in sekyng quiet Life.  
 O wretched Myndes! there is no Golde that may  
 Graunt that ye seke, no Warre, no Peace, nor Strife,  
 No, no, althoughe thy Hedd were hoopte with Golde,  
 Sergeant with Mace, wyth Hawbart, Sword nor Knife,  
 Cannot repulse the Care that folow should,  
 Eche kynde of Lyfe, hath with him his Disease,  
 Live in Delites, even as thy Lust woulde,  
 And thou shalt finde, when Lust doth most thee please,  
 It yrketh straight, and by it selfe doth fade.  
 A small Thing is it, that may thy Mind appease.  
 None of you al there is, that is so madde,  
 To seke for Grapes on Brambles or on Briers,  
 For none, I trow, that hath a Witte so badde,  
 To set his Haye for Coneis over Rivers,  
 Nor ye set not a Dragge Net for an Hare.  
 And yet the Thing that most is your desire,  
 You doe mislyke, with more Travel and Care.  
 Make plaine thine Harte, that it be not knotted  
 With Hope or Dreade, and see thy Will be bare  
 From all Affeetes, whom Vyce hath never spotted;  
 Thy selfe content with that is Thee assinde,  
 And use it well that is to Thee allotted;  
 Then seke no more out of thy selfe to fynde,  
 The Thing that thou hast sought so long before,  
 For thou shalt feele it sticking in thy Mynde,  
 Made, if ye list, to continue your Sore.  
 Let present passe, and gape on Tyme to come,  
 And depe thy selfe in Travell more and more,  
 Henceforth (my *Poines*) this shal be al and some,  
 These wretched Fooles shal have, nought els of me,  
 But, to the great God, and to his Dome;  
 None other Paine pray I for them to be,  
 But when the Rage doth leade them from the right,  
 That looking backward, Vertue they may see,  
 Even as she is, so goodly faire and bright,  
 And whilst they claspe theyr Lustes in Armes acrosse,  
 Graunt them, good Lord, as thou mayst of thy might,  
 To freat inward, for losing such a Losse.



*Of the Courtier's Life. Written to John Paines.*

**M**YNE own *John Paines*, sins ye delight to know,  
 The Causes why that homeward I me draw,  
 And flee the Prease of Courtes, where so they goe,  
 Rather then to live Thrall under the Awe  
 Of lordly Lookes, wrapped within my Cloke,  
 To Will and Lust, learning to set a Law;  
 It is not, that because I skorne, or mocke,  
 The Power of them, whom Fortune here hath lent  
 Charge over us, of right to strike the Stroke;  
 But true it is, that I have always ment,  
 Lesse to esteeme them, then the common sort  
 Of outward Things, that judge in their entent  
 Without regarde, what inward doth resort;  
 I graunt, some time of Glory that the Fire  
 Doth touch my Heart. Me list not to report,  
 Blame by Honour, and Honour to desire;  
 But how may I this Honour now attaine,  
 That cannot dye the Colour Blacke, a Lye,  
 My *Paines*, I cannot frame my Tune to faine,  
 To cloke the Truth, for Praise without Desert,  
 Of them that list all Vile for to retayne.  
 I cannot honour them that set theyr part,  
 With *Venus*, and *Bacchus*, al their Life long,  
 Nor holde my Peace of them, although I smart,  
 I cannot crutche, nor knele to such a Wronge,  
 To worship them like God on Earth alone,  
 That are as Wolves these sely Lambes among,  
 I cannot with my Wordes complayne and mone,  
 And suffer nought, nor smart without complaint,  
 Nor turne the Word that from my Mouth is gone;  
 I cannot speake and looke like a Saint,  
 Use Wyles for Wit, and make Disceit a Pleasure,  
 Call Craft Counsaile, for Lucre still to Paint.  
 I cannot wrest the Law to fill the Coffer;  
 With Innocent Blood to feede my selfe fatte,  
 And doe most Hurt where that most Helpe I offer.  
 I am not he that can allow the State  
 Of hie *Cesar*, and damne *Cato* to dye,  
 That with his Death did scape out of the Gate,  
 From *Cesar's* Handes, if *Livy* doth not lye,  
 And would not lyve where Liberty was lost,  
 So did his Harte the Commonwelth apply.

Fol. XLVII.

I am



I am not he, such Eloquence to boast,  
 To make the Crow in finging, as the Swanne,  
 Nor call the Lyon of Coward Beastes the most,  
 That cannot take a Mousse as the Cat can.  
 And he that dyeth for Hunger of the Golde,  
 Call him *Alexander*, and say that *Pan*  
 Passeth *Apollo* in Musike many folde,  
 Prayse Syr *Copas* for a noble Tale,  
 And scorne the Story that the Knight tolde,  
 Prayse him for Counsel, that is dronke of Ale,  
 Grinne when he Laughes, that beareth al the Sway;  
 Frowne when he Frownes, and Grone when he is Pale;  
 On others Lust to hang both Night and Day;  
 None of these Pointes would ever frame in me,  
 My Wit is nought, I cannot learne the Way.  
 And much the lesse of Things that greater be,  
 That asken Helpe of Colours to devise,  
 To joyne the meane with eche Extremitie,  
 With nereft Vertue, ay, to cloke the Vyce;  
 And as to purpose likewyse it shal fall,  
 To presse the Vertue that it may not ryse,  
 As Dronekenesse good Fellowship to call.  
 The frendly Foe, with his faire double Face,  
 Say he is gentle, and curties therewithall,  
 Affirme that favill hath a goodly Grace  
 In Eloquence; and Crueltie to name,  
 Zeal of Justice, and change in Time and Place.  
 And he that suffereth Offence without Blame,  
 Call him pitiefull, and him true and playne,  
 That sayleth rechelesse unto eche Man's shame.  
 Say he is rude that cannot ly and fayne,  
 The Lecher a Lover, and Tyranny  
 To be right of a Princes Raygne.  
 I cannot, I, no, no, it will not be.  
 This is the Cause that I could never yet  
 Hang on their Sleves, that weigh (as thou maist see)  
 A Chippe of Chaunce more then a Pounce of Wit,  
 This maketh me at Home to Hunt and Hauke,  
 And in foule Weather at my Booke to sit;  
 In Frost and Snow, then with my Bowe I stalke,  
 No Man doth marke where so I ryde or goe;  
 In lusty Leas at Libertie I walke,  
 And of these Newes I fele, nor weale, nor woe,  
 Save that a Clogge doth hang yet at my Hele;  
 No Force for that, for it is ordred so,  
 That I may leape both Hedge and Dike full welle;  
 I am not now in *Fraunce*, to judge the Wyne,  
 With savery Sauce those Delicates to feele;

Nor yet in *Spayne*, where, one must him incline,  
 Rather then to be, outwardly to seme,  
 I meddle not with Wittes that be so fine ;  
 Nor *Flaunders* Chere lettes not my Sight so deme,  
 Of Blacke and Whyte, nor takes my Wittes away  
 With Beastlines, such do those Beastes esteeme ;  
 Nor I am now, where Truth is geuen in Pay,  
 For Money, Pryson, and Treason of some,  
 A common Practise, used Night and Daye.  
 But I am here, in *Kent* and *Christendome*,  
 Among the Muses, where I reade and Ryme ;  
 Where, yf thou list, myne owne *John Paines*, to come,  
 Thou shalt be judge how I do spende my Tyme.



*How to use the Court, and himself therein*  
*Written to Syr Fraunces Brian.*

A Spending Hand, that alway powreth out,  
 Had nede to have a bringer in as fast ;  
 And on the Stone that still doth turne about,  
 There groweth no Mosse : These Proverbes yet dolast ;  
 Reason hath set them in so sure a Place,  
 That length of Yeares their Force can never wast ;  
 When I remember this, and eke the Case,  
 Wherin thou standst, I thought fourthwith to write,  
 (*Brian*) to Thee, who knowes how great a Grace  
 In writing, is to counsaile Man the right.  
 To Thee, therefore, that trottes still up and downe,  
 And never restes, but running Day and Night,  
 From Realme to Realme, from Citie, Strete, and Towne,  
 Why doest thou weare thy Body to the Bones ?  
 And mightest at home slepe in thy Bedde of Downe,  
 And drink good Ale, so nappy, for the nones.  
 Fede thy selfe Fatte, and heape up Pound by Pound ;  
 Lykest thou not this ? No. Why ? for Swines so groines  
 In Styre, and chaw Dounge moulded on the Ground,  
 And drivell on Pearles, with Head still in the Manger ;  
 So of the Harpe the Assse doth hear the Sounde,  
 So Sackes of Durt be filed. The neat Courtier  
 So serves for lesse than do these fatted Swine.  
 Though I seme lean and dry, withouten Moister,  
 Yet will I serve my Prince, my Lorde, and thine ;  
 And let them live to feede the Paunch that list,  
 So I may live to feede both me and myne.  
 By God, wel said, but what, and if thou wist,  
 How to bring in as fast as thou doest spende.

Fol. XLVIII.

That

That would I learne, and it shal not be mist,  
 To tell the how, now harke what I intende.  
 Thou knowest well first, whoso can seeke to please,  
 Shal purchase Frenches, where Trough shal but offend.  
 Flee therefore Trough, it is both Welth and Ease:  
 For though that Trough of every Man hath Praise,  
 Full neare that Wynde goth Trough in great misefase.  
 Use Vertue, as it goeth now a Days,  
 In Word alone, to make thy Language sweete;  
 And of thy Dede, yet do not as thou sayes,  
 Els be thou sure, thou shalt be farre unmeete  
 To get thy Bread, eche Thing is now so skant.  
 Seeke still thy Profit upon thy bare Feete;  
 Lend in no wise, for fear that thou do want,  
 Unlesse yet be, as to a Calfe a Chese;  
 But if thou can, be sure to winne a Cant,  
 Of halfe at least, it is not good to leese.  
 Learne at the Ladde, that in a long white Coate  
 From under the Stall, withouten Land or Fee,  
 Hath lept into the Shop, who knowes by rote  
 This Rule that I have told Thee here before.  
 Sometime also rich Age beginnes to dote,  
 See thou when there thy Gaine may be the more,  
 Stay him by the Arme where so he walke or goe.  
 Be nere alway, and if he cough so fore,  
 What he hath spit, tread out, and please him so;  
 A diligent Knave that pykes his Maisters Purse,  
 May please him so, that he withouten mo,  
 Executor is. And what is he the worse?  
 But if so chaunce, thou get nought of the Man,  
 The Widow may for al thy Paine disburse;  
 A riveled Skinne, a stinking Breath, what than?  
 A toothlesse Mouth shal do thy Lippes no Harme.  
 The Gold is good, and though she curse or banne,  
 Yet where thou list thou maist ly good and warme;  
 Let the olde Mule byte upon the Brydle,  
 Whilst there do lye a sweter in thine Arme.  
 In this also see that thou be not ydle,  
 Thy Nece, thy Cosin, Sister, or thy Daughter,  
 If she be Faire, if Hansome, be her Middle,  
 If thy Better hath her Love besought her,  
 Avauce his Cause, and he shal help thy neede;  
 It is but Love, trane thou it to a Laughter,  
 But wary, I say, so Golde Thee help and spede,  
 That in this Case thou be not so unwise,  
 As *Pander* was in such a like Dede;  
 For he, the Foole! of Conscience was so nyce,  
 That he no Gaine would have for all his Pain:  
 Be next thy selfe, for Frindship beares no Price.

Langhest



Laughest thou at me, Why? do I speake in vaine?  
 No, not at thee, but at thy Thrifty Jest;  
 Wouldest thou, I should for any Losse or Gayne,  
 Change that for Golde, that I have tane for best,  
 Next godly Thinges, to have an honest Name?  
 Should I leave that, then take me for a Beast.  
 Nay, then farewell, and if thou care for Shame,  
 Content Thee then with honest Povertie;  
 With free Tong, what Thee mislikes, to blame,  
 And for thy Truth, sometime Adversitie.  
 And therewithal this Gift I shal Thee give,  
 In this World now litle Prosperitie,  
 And quoyne to kepe, as Water in a Sive.

Fol. XLIX.

*The Song of Iopas unfinished.*

**W**HEN Dido feasted first the wandering Trojan Knight,  
 Whom Amos Wrath, with Stormes did force in Libik sandes to  
 That mighti *Itlas* taught, the Supper lesting longe, (lighte,  
 With crisped Lockes on holden Harpe, *Iopas* sang in Song:  
 That same (quod he) that we, the World, do call and name,  
 Of Heaven and Earth, with al Contentes, it is the very frame.  
 Of thus, of heavenly Powers, by more Power kept in one  
 Repugnant Kindes, in middes of whom, the Earth hath Place alone.  
 Firme, rounde, of Livinges the Mother, Place and Nourle,  
 Without thee, which, in equal Weight, this Heaven doth hold his Course:  
 And it is caled by Name, the first and moving Heaven,  
 The Firmament is placed next, containinge other Seven;  
 Of heavenly Powers that same is planted full and thicke,  
 As shining Lights, which we cal Starres, that therin cleve and sticke,  
 With great swift Sway the first, and with his restles sours,  
 Carieth it selfe, and all those Eight, in even continuall Cours.  
 And of this World so rounde, within that rolling Case,  
 Two Points there be that never move, but firmly kepe their Place,  
 The one we see alway, the tother standes object  
 Against the same, dividing just the Ground by Line direct;  
 Whiche by Ymaginacion, drawne from the one to th'other,  
 Toucheth the Centre of the Earth, for Way there is none other;  
 And these be caled the Poles, describ'd by Starres not bright,  
 Artike the one Northward we see, Antartike the other hight;  
 The Line that we devise from th'one to th'other so,  
 As Axel is, upon the which the Heavens about do go;  
 Which of Water nor Earth, of Aire nor Fire have kinde,  
 Therefore the Substance of those same were hard for Man to find:  
 But they bee uncorrupt, simple and pure, unmixt,  
 And so we say bee al those Starres that in the same be fixt.

And eke those erring Seven, in Circle as they straye,  
 So caled, because against the first they have repugnant Way.  
 And smaller By-ways too, scant sensible to Man,  
 Too busy Worke for my poore Harpe, let sing them he that can.  
 The widest, save the first, of all these Nine above,  
 One Hundereth Yere doth aske of space, for one Degree to move:  
 Of which Degrees we make in the first movinge Heaven,  
 Three Hundred and Threescore in Partes, justly divided even.  
 And yet there is another betwene those Heavens, two,  
 Whose moving is so flye, so slacke: I name it not for now.  
 The seventh Heaven, or the Shell, next to the Starry Skye,  
 All those Degrees that gathereth up, with aged Pace so flye,  
 And doth perourme the same, as Elders count hath bene,  
 In Nine and Twentie Yeares complete, and Dayes almost Sixtene,  
 Doth carye in his bough the Starre of *Saturne* olde,  
 A Threatner of all livinge Thinges, with Drought and with his Colde.  
 The Sixt, whom this conteines, doth stalke with younger pace,  
 And in Twelve Yere doth somewhat more then th'others Viage was;  
 And this in it doth beare the Starre of *Jove* beninge,  
 Twene *Saturnes* Malice, and us Men, frendly defending Signe.  
 The Fift beares bloody *Mars*, that in Three Hundred Dayes,  
 And twise Eleven, with one full Yere, hath finisht al those Wayes:  
 A Yere doth aske the Fourth, and Howers therto Sixe.  
 And in the same the Daies Eye, the Sunne therein he stickes.  
 The Third, that governed is by that, that govermes me,  
 And Love for Love, and for no Love provokes, as oft we see.  
 In like Space doth perourme the Course, that did the rother:  
 So doth the next unto the same, the Seconde is in order.  
 But it doth beare the Starre, that caled is *Mercury*,  
 That many a crafty, secret Steppe doth treade, as Calcars try:  
 That Skye is last, and fixt next us, those Weies hath gone,  
 In Seven and Twenty common Dayes, and eke the Third of one:  
 And beareth with his sway the divers Moone about;  
 Now bright, now brown, now bent, now full, and now her Light is out.  
 Thus have they, of their own two Movings, al these Seven,  
 One wherein they be caried still, eche in his severall Heaven:  
 Another of themselves, where theire Bodies be layde  
 In By-waies, and in lesser Roundes, as I afore have layde.  
 Save of them al, the Sunne doth stray least from the streight;  
 The Starry Skye hath but one Course, that we have caled the Eighte.  
 And al these Movings Eight are ment from West to East,  
 Although they seeme to clymbe aloft, I say, from East to West:  
 But that is but by Force of their first moving Skye,  
 In twise Twelve Howers from East to East that carrieth them by and by;  
 But marke me well also, the moving of these Seven,  
 Be not about the Exel-Tree of the first moving Heaven.  
 For they have their two Poles directly one to the other, &c.

Sir T. WYATE the Elder.